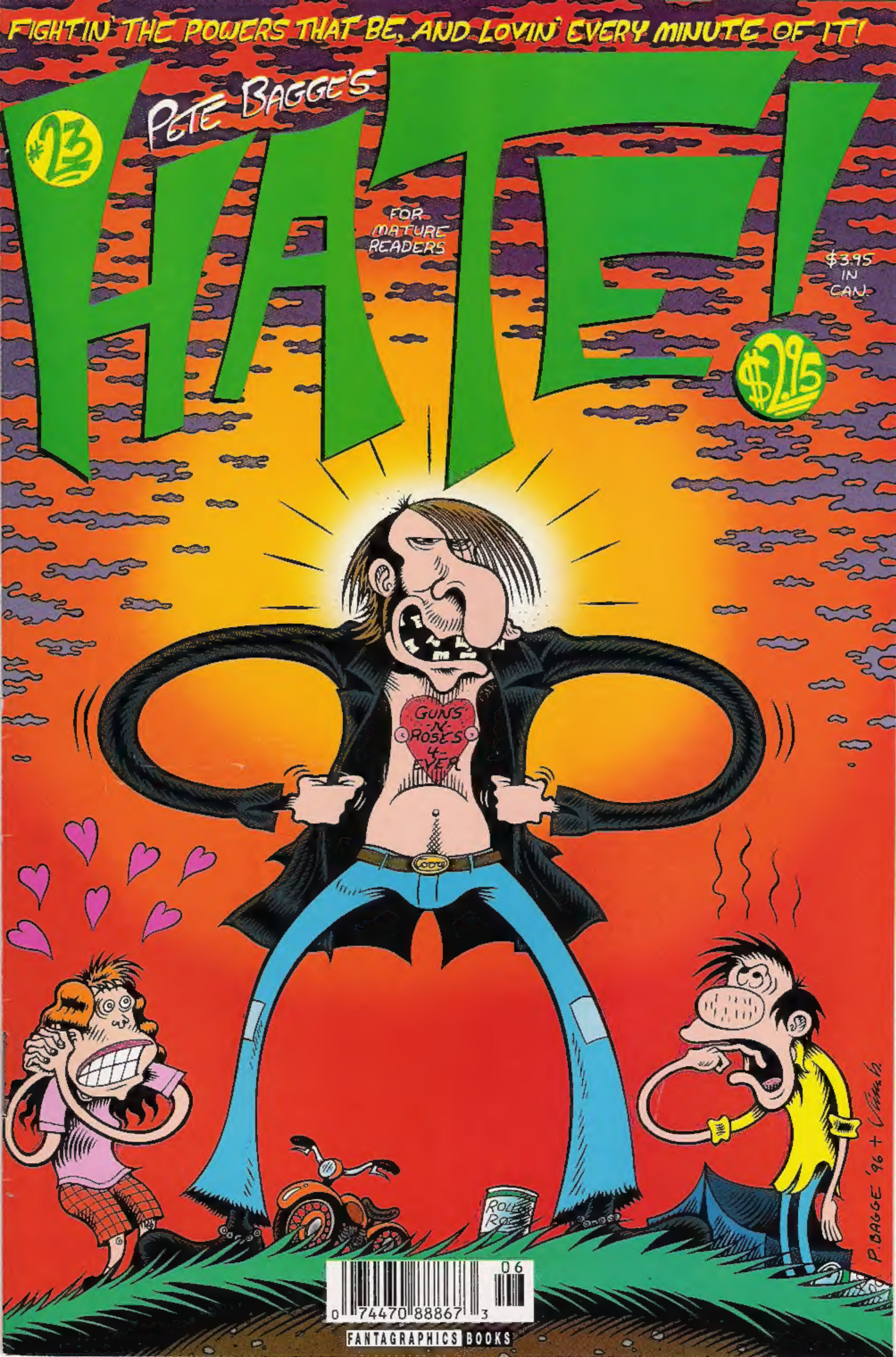
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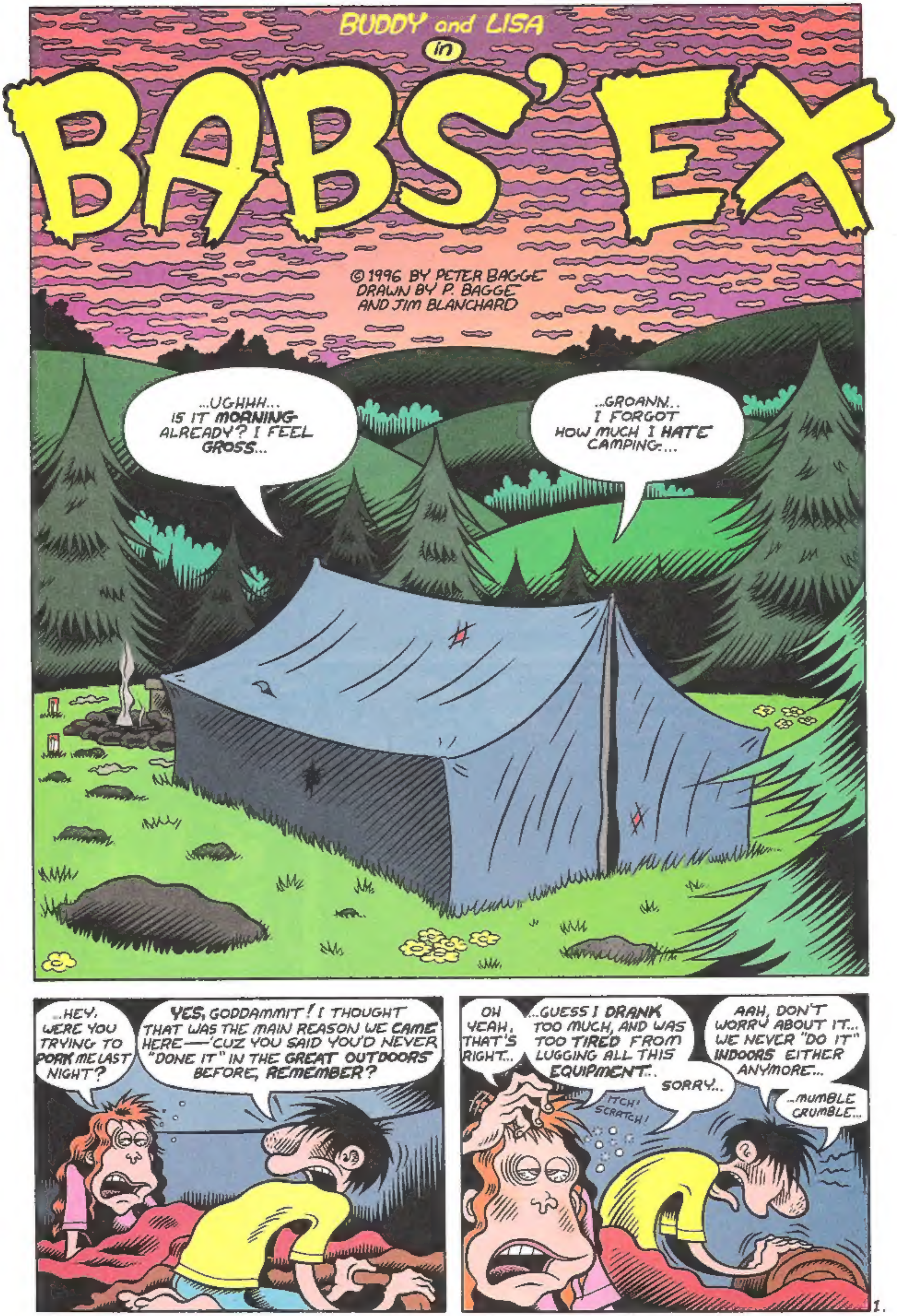
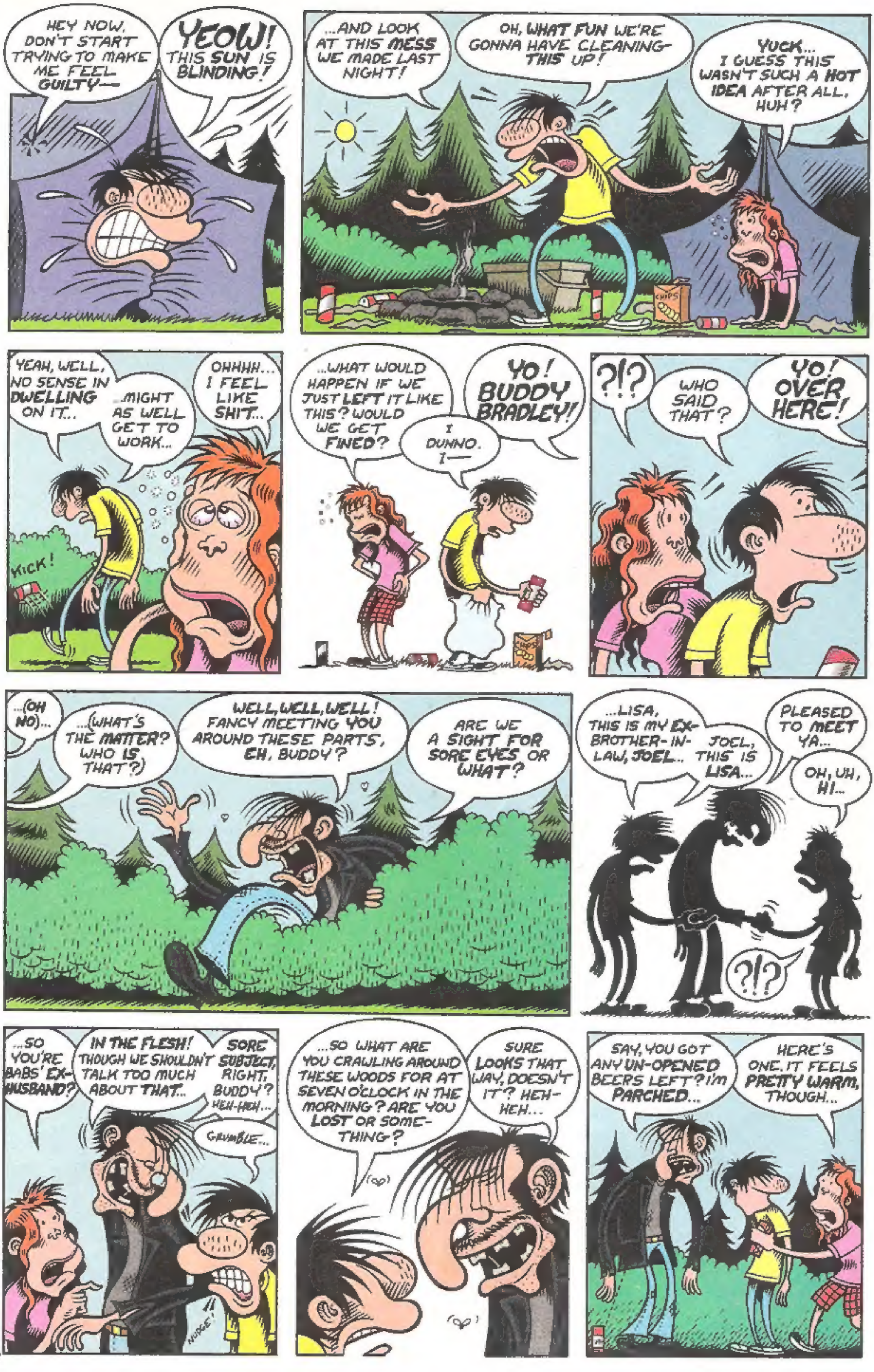
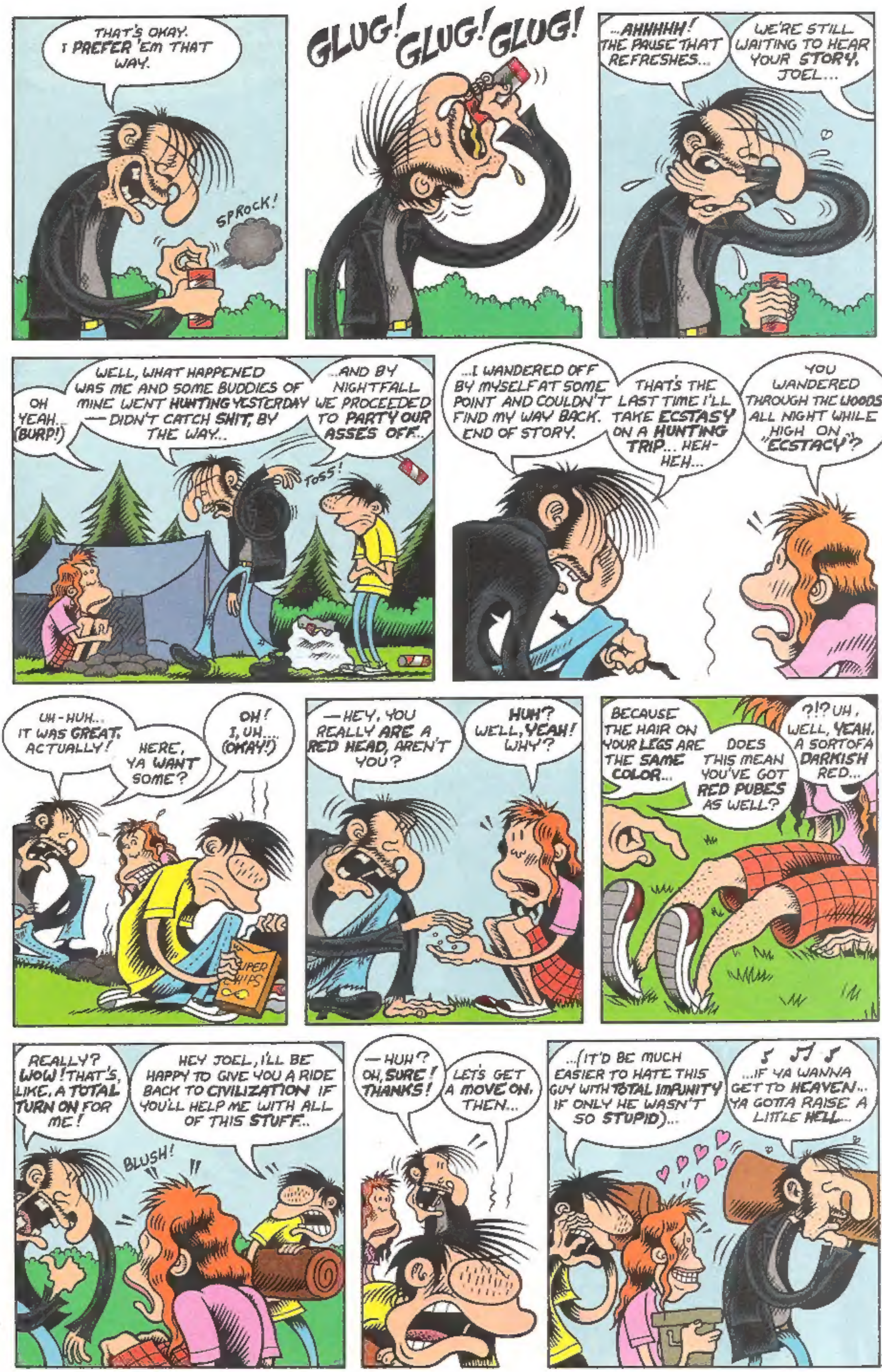
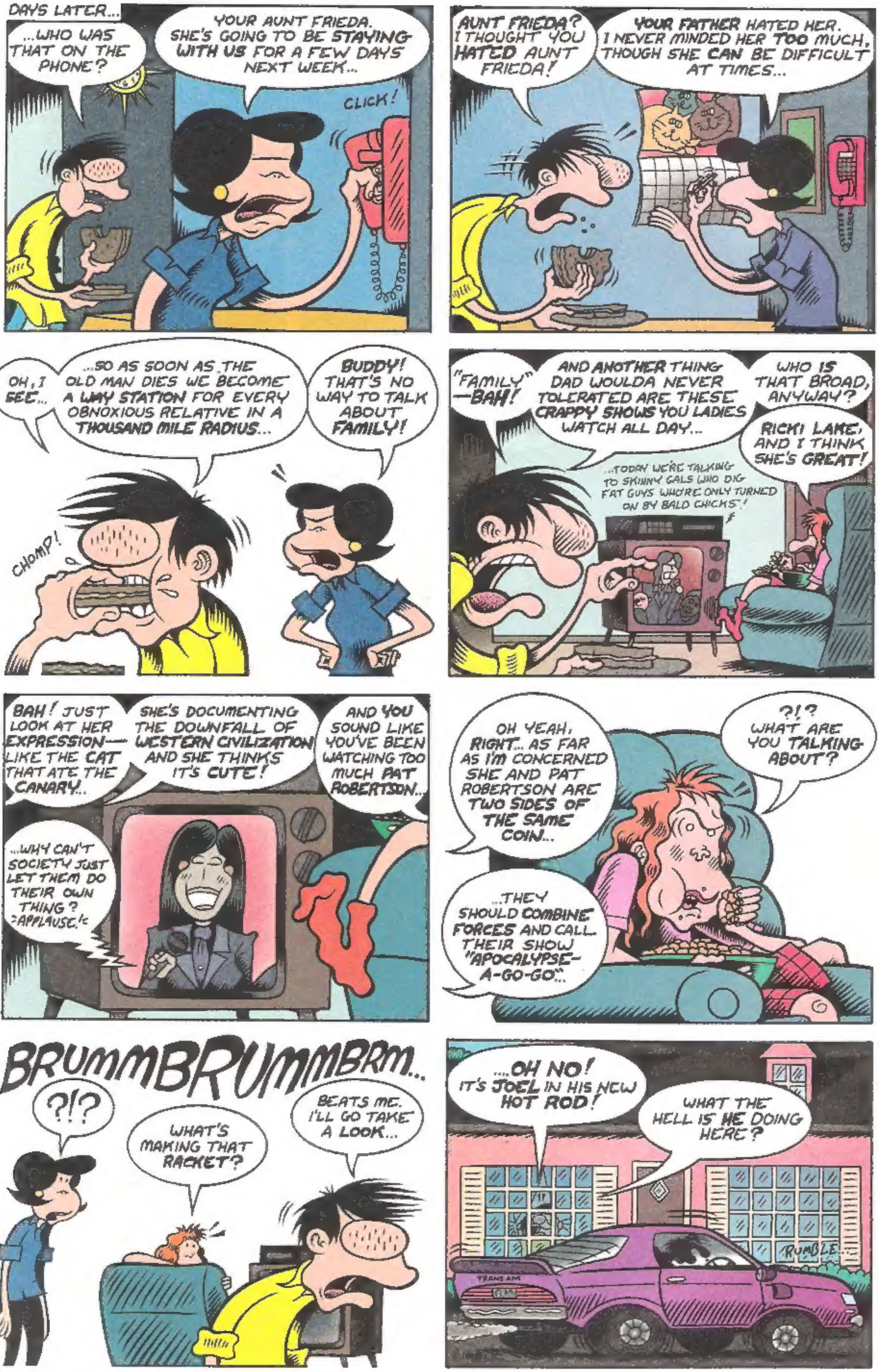
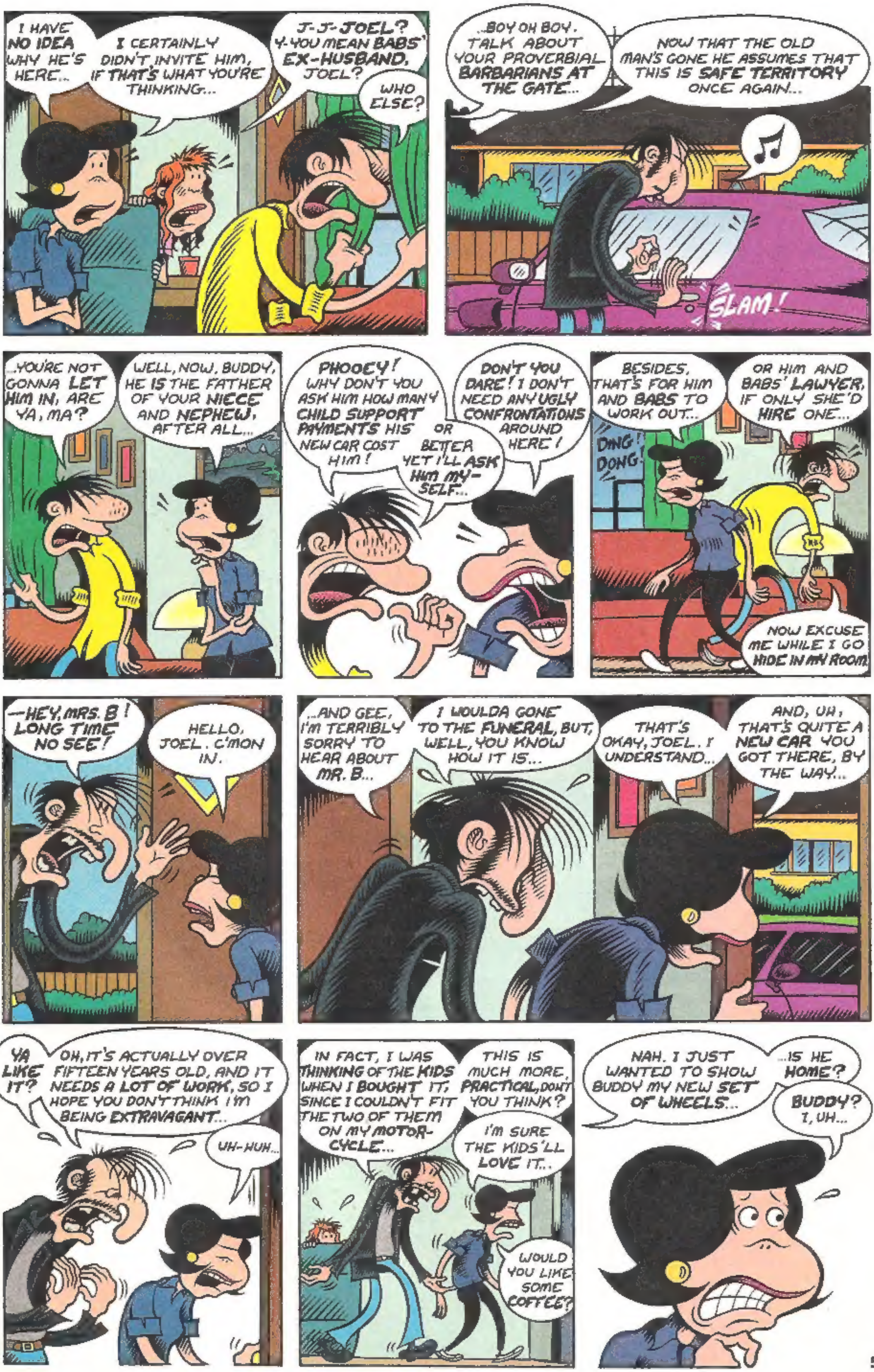


BUDDY and LISA
in
BABS' EX
© 1996 BY PETER BAGGE
DRAWN BY P. BAGGE
AND JIM BLANCHARD
..UGHHH... IS IT MORNING ALREADY? I FEEL GROSS...
..GROANN.. I FORGOT HOW MUCH I HATE CAMPING....
..HEY, WERE YOU TRYING TO PORK ME LAST NIGHT?
YES, GODDAMMIT! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE MAIN REASON WE CAME HERE—'CUZ YOU SAID YOU'D NEVER "DONE IT" IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS BEFORE, REMEMBER?
OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT..
..GUESS I DRANK TOO MUCH, AND WAS TOO TIRED FROM LUGGING ALL THIS EQUIPMENT..
SORRY..
ITCH! SCRATCH!
AAH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... WE NEVER "DO IT" INDOORS EITHER ANYMORE...
..MUMBLE GRUMBLE...

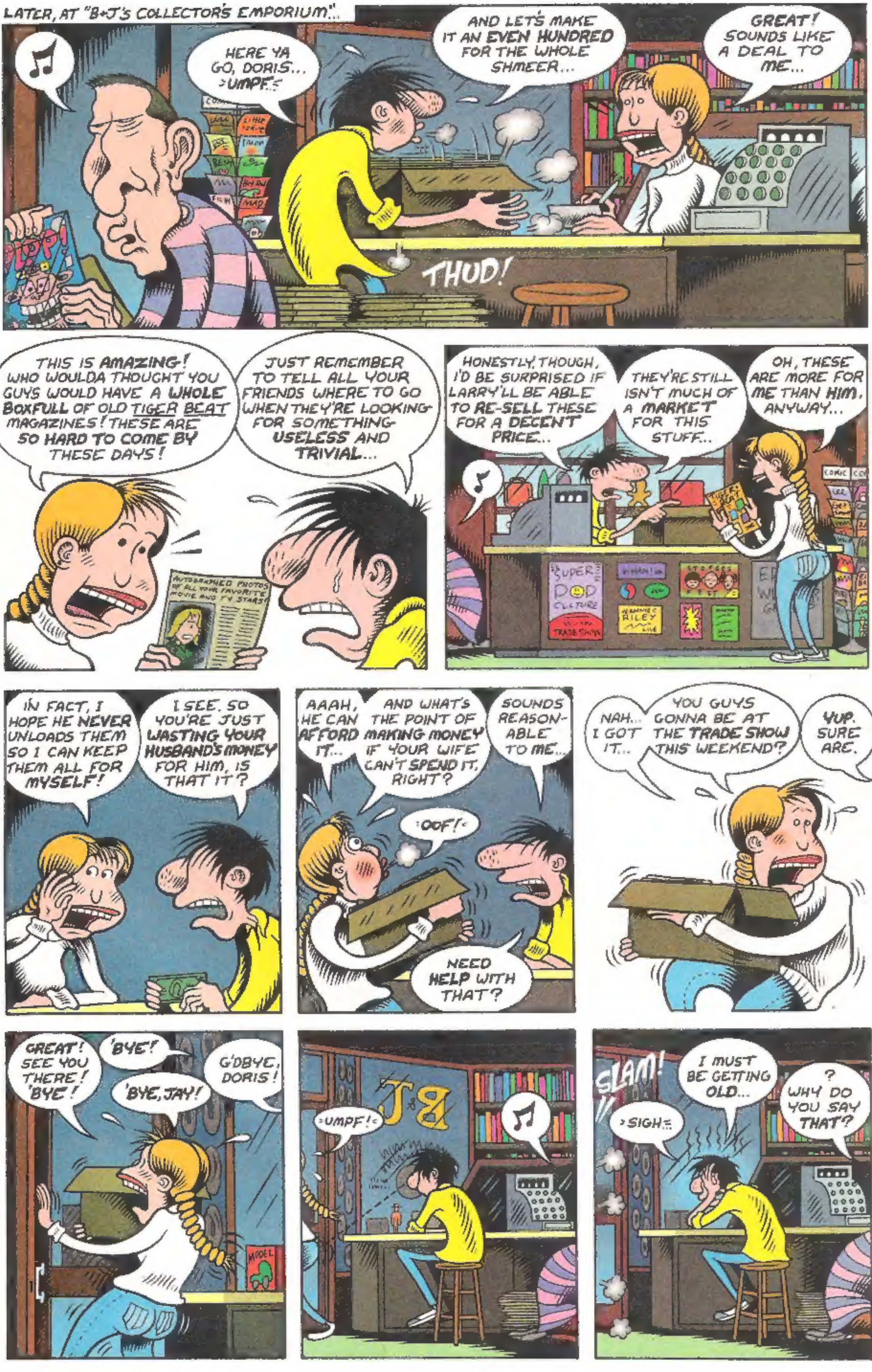

HEY NOW, DON'T START TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY—
YEOW! THIS SUN IS BLINDING!
...AND LOOK AT THIS MESS WE MADE LAST NIGHT!
OH, WHAT FUN WE'RE GONNA HAVE CLEANING THIS UP!
YUCK... I GUESS THIS WASN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA AFTER ALL, HUH?
CHIPS
YEAH, WELL, NO SENSE IN DWELLING ON IT...
...MIGHT AS WELL GET TO WORK...
OHHHH... I FEEL LIKE SHIT...
KICK!
...WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE JUST LEFT IT LIKE THIS? WOULD WE GET FINED?
I DUNNO. I—
YO! BUDDY BRADLEY!
?!?
WHO SAID THAT?
YO! OVER HERE!
...(OH NO)...
...(WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHO IS THAT?)
WELL, WELL, WELL! FANCY MEETING YOU AROUND THESE PARTS, EH, BUDDY?
ARE WE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES OR WHAT?
...LISA, THIS IS MY EX-BROTHER-IN-LAW, JOEL...
JOEL, THIS IS LISA...
PLEASED TO MEET YA...
OH, UH, HI...
?!?
...SO YOU'RE BABS' EX-HUSBAND?
IN THE FLESH! THOUGH WE SHOULDN'T TALK TOO MUCH ABOUT THAT...
SORE SUBJECT, RIGHT, BUDDY? HEH-HEH...
GRUMBLE...
NUDGE
...SO WHAT ARE YOU CRAWLING AROUND THESE WOODS FOR AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING? ARE YOU LOST OR SOMETHING?
SURE LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT? HEH-HEH...
SAY, YOU GOT ANY UN-OPENED BEERS LEFT? I'M PARCHED...
HERE'S ONE. IT FEELS PRETTY WARM, THOUGH...


THAT'S OKAY. I PREFER 'EM THAT WAY.
SPROCK!
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
...AHHHHH! THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES...
WE'RE STILL WAITING TO HEAR YOUR STORY, JOEL...
OH YEAH... (BURP!)
WELL, WHAT HAPPENED WAS ME AND SOME BUDDIES OF MINE WENT HUNTING YESTERDAY — DIDN'T CATCH SHIT, BY THE WAY...
...AND BY NIGHTFALL WE PROCEEDED TO PARTY OUR ASSES OFF...
TOSS!
...I WANDERED OFF BY MYSELF AT SOME POINT AND COULDN'T FIND MY WAY BACK. END OF STORY.
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL TAKE ECSTASY ON A HUNTING TRIP... HEH-HEH...
YOU WANDERED THROUGH THE WOODS ALL NIGHT WHILE HIGH ON "ECSTACY"?
UH-HUH... IT WAS GREAT, ACTUALLY!
HERE, YA WANT SOME?
OH! I, UH... (OKAY!)
SUPER CHIPS
—HEY, YOU REALLY ARE A RED HEAD, AREN'T YOU?
HUH? WELL, YEAH! WHY?
BECAUSE THE HAIR ON YOUR LEGS ARE THE SAME COLOR...
DOES THIS MEAN YOU'VE GOT RED PUBES AS WELL?
?!? UH, WELL, YEAH, A SORTOFA DARKISH RED...
REALLY? WOW! THAT'S, LIKE, A TOTAL TURN ON FOR ME!
HEY JOEL, I'LL BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A RIDE BACK TO CIVILIZATION IF YOU'LL HELP ME WITH ALL OF THIS STUFF...
BLUSH!
—HUH? OH, SURE! THANKS!
LET'S GET A MOVE ON, THEN...
...(IT'D BE MUCH EASIER TO HATE THIS GUY WITH TOTAL IMPUNITY IF ONLY HE WASN'T SO STUPID)...
...IF YA WANNA GET TO HEAVEN... YA GOTTA RAISE A LITTLE HELL...

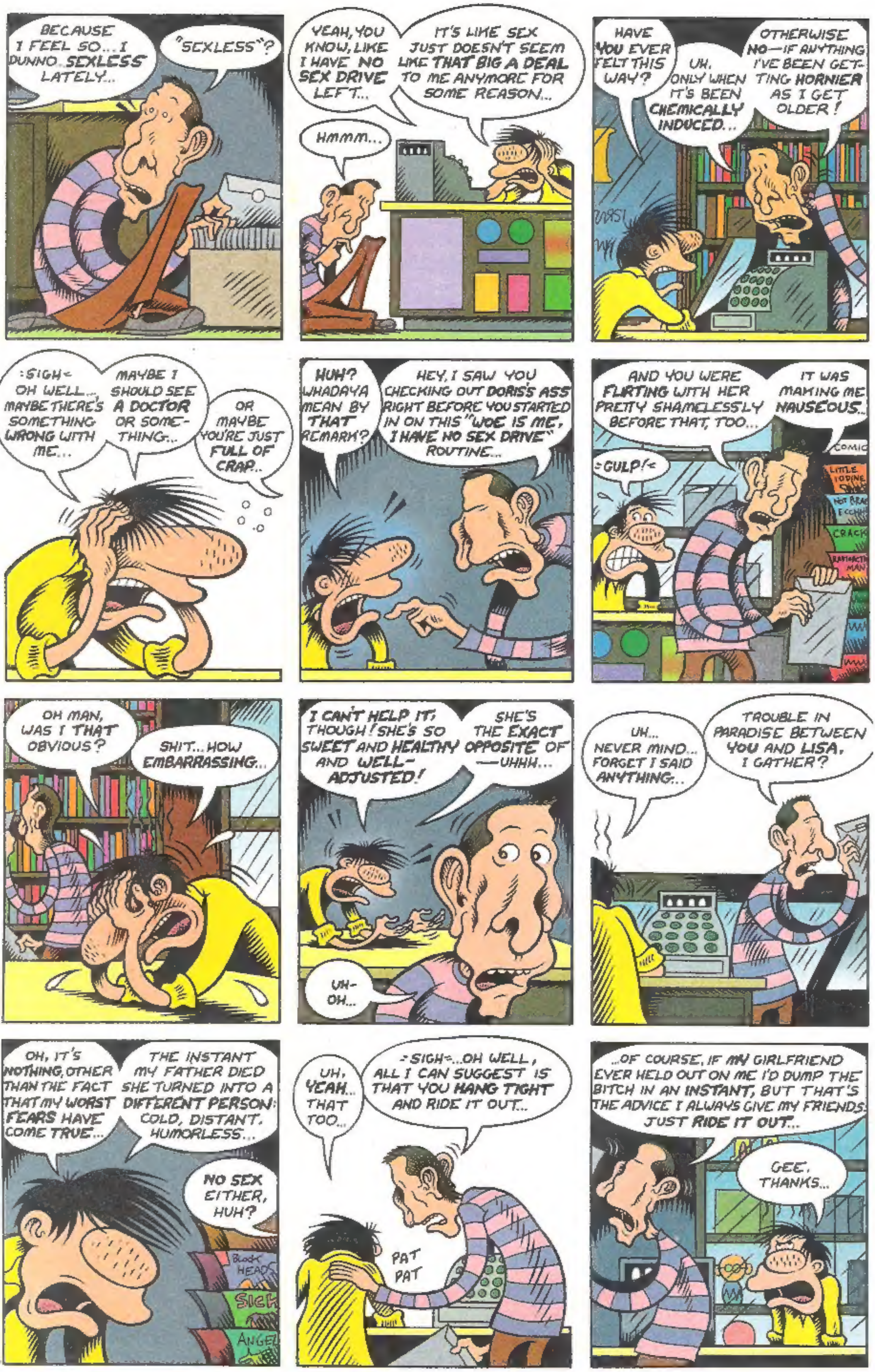

DAYS LATER...
...WHO WAS THAT ON THE PHONE?
YOUR AUNT FRIEDA. SHE'S GOING TO BE STAYING WITH US FOR A FEW DAYS NEXT WEEK...
CLICK!
AUNT FRIEDA? I THOUGHT YOU HATED AUNT FRIEDA!
YOUR FATHER HATED HER. I NEVER MINDED HER TOO MUCH, THOUGH SHE CAN BE DIFFICULT AT TIMES...
OH, I SEE...
...SO AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN DIES WE BECOME A WAY STATION FOR EVERY OBNOXIOUS RELATIVE IN A THOUSAND MILE RADIUS...
BUDDY! THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT FAMILY!
CHOMP!
"FAMILY" —BAH!
AND ANOTHER THING DAD WOULDA NEVER TOLERATED ARE THESE CRAPPY SHOWS YOU LADIES WATCH ALL DAY...
WHO IS THAT BROAD, ANYWAY?
RICKI LAKE, AND I THINK SHE'S GREAT!
...TODAY WE'RE TALKING TO SKINNY GALS WHO DIG FAT GUYS WHO'RE ONLY TURNED ON BY BALD CHICKS!
BAH! JUST LOOK AT HER EXPRESSION— LIKE THE CAT THAT ATE THE CANARY...
SHE'S DOCUMENTING THE DOWNFALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION AND SHE THINKS IT'S CUTE!
AND YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING TOO MUCH PAT ROBERTSON...
...WHY CAN'T SOCIETY JUST LET THEM DO THEIR OWN THING? *APPLAUSE!*
OH YEAH, RIGHT... AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED SHE AND PAT ROBERTSON ARE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN...
?!? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
...THEY SHOULD COMBINE FORCES AND CALL THEIR SHOW "APOCALYPSE-A-GO-GO"...
BRUMMBRUMMBRM...
?!?
WHAT'S MAKING THAT RACKET?
BEATS ME. I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK...
...OH NO! IT'S JOEL IN HIS NEW HOT ROD!
WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?
RUMBLE...
TRANS AM

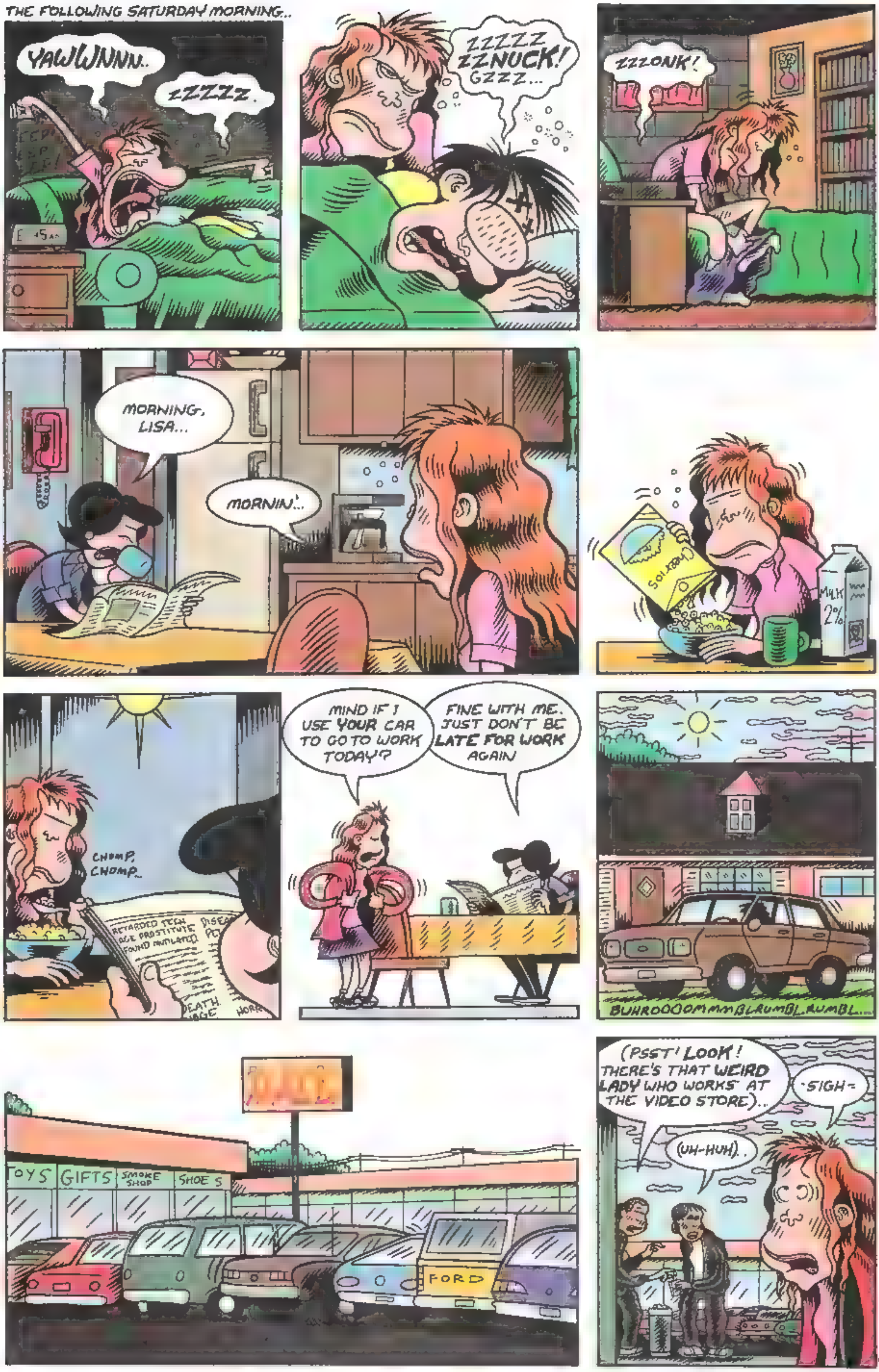

I HAVE NO IDEA WHY HE'S HERE...
I CERTAINLY DIDN'T INVITE HIM, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...
J-J-JOEL? Y-YOU MEAN BABS' EX-HUSBAND, JOEL?
WHO ELSE?
..BOY OH BOY. TALK ABOUT YOUR PROVERBIAL BARBARIANS AT THE GATE...
NOW THAT THE OLD MAN'S GONE HE ASSUMES THAT THIS IS SAFE TERRITORY ONCE AGAIN...
SLAM!
..YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET HIM IN, ARE YA, MA?
WELL, NOW, BUDDY, HE IS THE FATHER OF YOUR NIECE AND NEPHEW, AFTER ALL...
PHOOEY! WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM HOW MANY CHILD SUPPORT PAYMENTS HIS NEW CAR COST HIM!
OR BETTER YET I'LL ASK HIM MYSELF...
DON'T YOU DARE! I DON'T NEED ANY UGLY CONFRONTATIONS AROUND HERE!
BESIDES, THAT'S FOR HIM AND BABS TO WORK OUT...
OR HIM AND BABS' LAWYER, IF ONLY SHE'D HIRE ONE...
DING! DONG!
NOW EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO HIDE IN MY ROOM.
—HEY, MRS. B! LONG TIME NO SEE!
HELLO, JOEL. C'MON IN.
..AND GEE, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT MR. B...
I WOULDA GONE TO THE FUNERAL, BUT, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...
THAT'S OKAY, JOEL. I UNDERSTAND...
AND, UH, THAT'S QUITE A NEW CAR YOU GOT THERE, BY THE WAY...
YA LIKE IT?
OH, IT'S ACTUALLY OVER FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, AND IT NEEDS A LOT OF WORK, SO I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M BEING EXTRAVAGANT...
UH-HUH...
IN FACT, I WAS THINKING OF THE KIDS WHEN I BOUGHT IT, SINCE I COULDN'T FIT THE TWO OF THEM ON MY MOTORCYCLE...
THIS IS MUCH MORE PRACTICAL, DON'T YOU THINK?
I'M SURE THE KIDS'LL LOVE IT...
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE?
NAH. I JUST WANTED TO SHOW BUDDY MY NEW SET OF WHEELS...
..IS HE HOME?
BUDDY? I, UH...

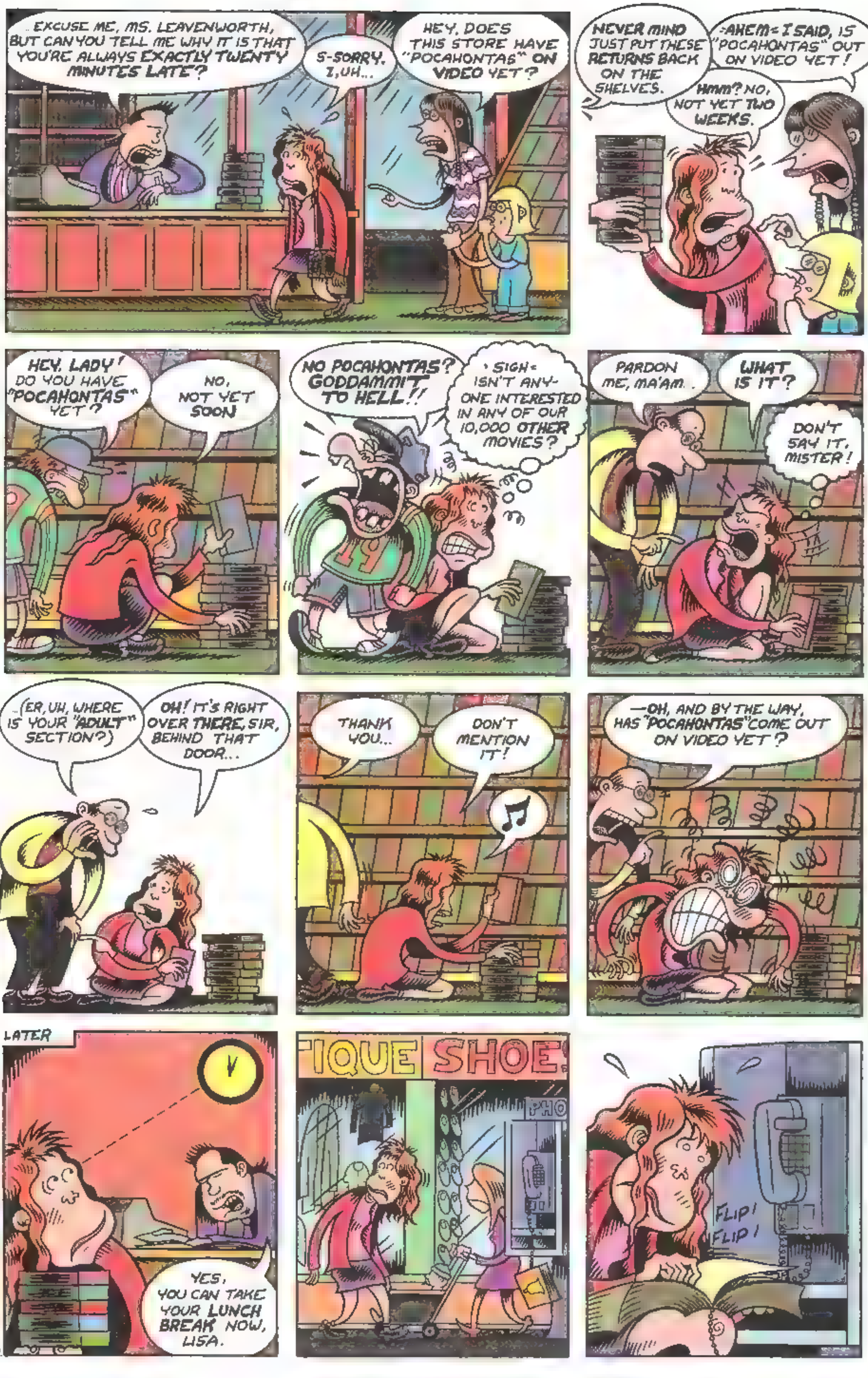
...I FIGURED BUDDY'D LOVE TO TAKE IT FOR A TEST SPIN, 'CUZ HE AND I USED TO REALLY LUST AFTER TRANS AMS BACK IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS...
I NEVER LUSTED AFTER NO GODDAMN TRANS AM!
?!? BUDDY? IS THAT YOU?
HEY, C'MON OUT, MAN! YA GOTTA CHECK OUT MY NEW SET O' WHEE—
I SAW IT FROM THE WINDOW AND IT'S UGLY!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
NOW GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
HUH! WELL, EXCUSE ME! I JUST FIGURED THAT—
I'D LIKE TO SEE IT, JOEL.
HUH?
OH, HIYA, RED! HOWZIT GOIN'?
GOT TIME FOR A LITTLE SPIN?
I, UH... SURE!
WELL, ALRIGHT!
LET'S GO!
!
?
...HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CARS?
N-NOT MUCH...
TRANS AM
OH NO?
WELL, HOP IN ANYWAY, 'CUZ YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG THRILL...
OH YEAH?
TRANS AM
...NOW THIS BABY'S GOT 385 HORSEPOWER WITH A 2100 CUBIC ENGINE...
I MEAN, IT AIN'T EVEN LEGAL TO MAKE A MACHINE LIKE THIS ANYMORE...
IS THAT SO?
BRUMMBRUMBLBRMM
YEP! NOW JUST LISTEN TO THIS!
VROOOM!
HOW ABOUT THAT! CAN YOU FEEL THAT POWER OR WHAT?
UH-HUH...
OMIGOD! I'M HAVING AN ORGASM!



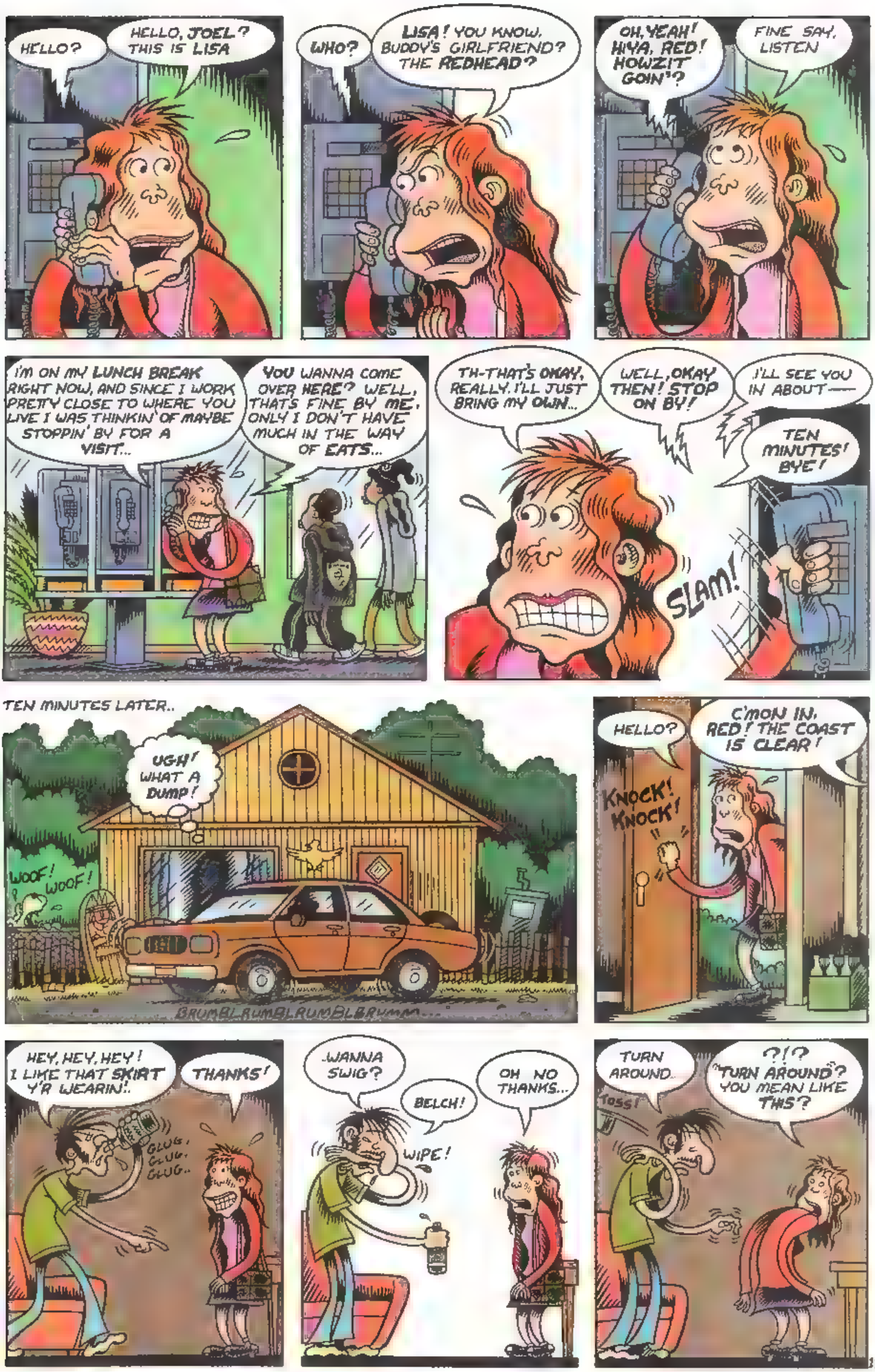
LATER, AT "B+J'S COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM"...
HERE YA GO, DORIS... >UMPF<
AND LET'S MAKE IT AN EVEN HUNDRED FOR THE WHOLE SHMEER...
GREAT! SOUNDS LIKE A DEAL TO ME...
THUD!
THIS IS AMAZING! WHO WOULDA THOUGHT YOU GUYS WOULD HAVE A WHOLE BOXFULL OF OLD TIGER BEAT MAGAZINES! THESE ARE SO HARD TO COME BY THESE DAYS!
JUST REMEMBER TO TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS WHERE TO GO WHEN THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING USELESS AND TRIVIAL...
AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS OF ALL YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE AND TV STARS!
HONESTLY, THOUGH, I'D BE SURPRISED IF LARRY'LL BE ABLE TO RE-SELL THESE FOR A DECENT PRICE...
THEY'RE STILL ISN'T MUCH OF A MARKET FOR THIS STUFF...
OH, THESE ARE MORE FOR ME THAN HIM, ANYWAY...
SUPER POP CULTURE
TRADE SHOW
RILEY
IN FACT, I HOPE HE NEVER UNLOADS THEM SO I CAN KEEP THEM ALL FOR MYSELF!
I SEE. SO YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR HUSBAND'S MONEY FOR HIM, IS THAT IT?
AAAH, HE CAN AFFORD IT...
AND WHAT'S THE POINT OF MAKING MONEY IF YOUR WIFE CAN'T SPEND IT, RIGHT?
SOUNDS REASON-ABLE TO ME...
>OOF!<
NEED HELP WITH THAT?
NAH... I GOT IT...
YOU GUYS GONNA BE AT THE TRADE SHOW THIS WEEKEND?
YUP. SURE ARE.
GREAT! SEE YOU THERE! 'BYE!
'BYE!
'BYE, JAY!
G'DBYE, DORIS!
MODEL
B&J
>UMPF!<
SLAM!
>SIGH<
I MUST BE GETTING OLD...
? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?


BECAUSE I FEEL SO... I DUNNO.. SEXLESS LATELY...
"SEXLESS"?
YEAH, YOU KNOW, LIKE I HAVE NO SEX DRIVE LEFT...
IT'S LIKE SEX JUST DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THAT BIG A DEAL TO ME ANYMORE FOR SOME REASON...
HMMM...
HAVE YOU EVER FELT THIS WAY?
UH, ONLY WHEN IT'S BEEN CHEMICALLY INDUCED...
OTHERWISE NO—IF ANYTHING I'VE BEEN GETTING HORNIER AS I GET OLDER!
>SIGH< OH WELL... MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME...
MAYBE I SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR OR SOMETHING...
OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST FULL OF CRAP..
HUH? WHADAYA MEAN BY THAT REMARK?
HEY, I SAW YOU CHECKING OUT DORIS'S ASS RIGHT BEFORE YOU STARTED IN ON THIS "WOE IS ME, I HAVE NO SEX DRIVE" ROUTINE...
AND YOU WERE FLIRTING WITH HER PRETTY SHAMELESSLY BEFORE THAT, TOO...
IT WAS MAKING ME NAUSEOUS...
>GULP!<
COMIC
LITTLE IODINE
CRACK
OH MAN, WAS I THAT OBVIOUS?
SHIT... HOW EMBARRASSING...
I CAN'T HELP IT, THOUGH! SHE'S SO SWEET AND HEALTHY AND WELL-ADJUSTED!
SHE'S THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF —UHHH...
UH-OH...
UH... NEVER MIND... FORGET I SAID ANYTHING...
TROUBLE IN PARADISE BETWEEN YOU AND LISA, I GATHER?
OH, IT'S NOTHING, OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT MY WORST FEARS HAVE COME TRUE...
THE INSTANT MY FATHER DIED SHE TURNED INTO A DIFFERENT PERSON: COLD, DISTANT, HUMORLESS...
NO SEX EITHER, HUH?
BLOCK HEAD
SIGH
ANGEL
UH, YEAH... THAT TOO...
>SIGH<...OH WELL, ALL I CAN SUGGEST IS THAT YOU HANG TIGHT AND RIDE IT OUT...
PAT PAT
...OF COURSE, IF MY GIRLFRIEND EVER HELD OUT ON ME I'D DUMP THE BITCH IN AN INSTANT, BUT THAT'S THE ADVICE I ALWAYS GIVE MY FRIENDS: JUST RIDE IT OUT...
GEE, THANKS...


THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY MORNING...
YAWWNNN..
ZZZZZ.
ZZZZZ ZZNUCK! GZZZ...
ZZZONK!
MORNING, LISA...
MORNIN'..
MIND IF I USE YOUR CAR TO GO TO WORK TODAY?
FINE WITH ME. JUST DON'T BE LATE FOR WORK AGAIN
CHOMP, CHOMP..
BUHROOOOOMMMBLAUMBLAUMBL...
TOYS
GIFTS
SMOKE SHOP
SHOES
FORD
(PSST! LOOK! THERE'S THAT WEIRD LADY WHO WORKS AT THE VIDEO STORE)..
(UH-HUH)..
-SIGH-

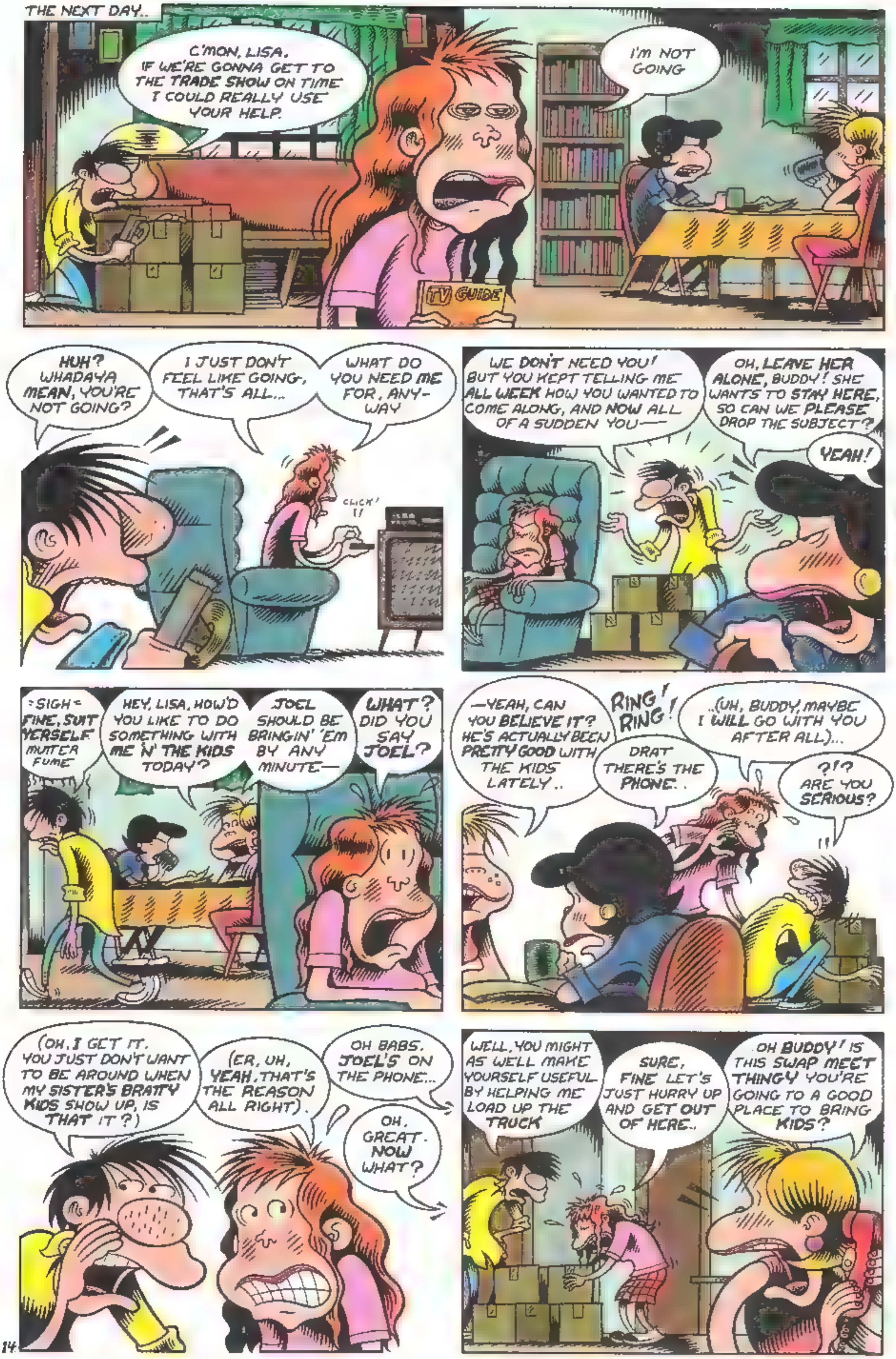


. . EXCUSE ME, MS. LEAVENWORTH, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHY IT IS THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS EXACTLY TWENTY MINUTES LATE?
S-SORRY, I, UH...
HEY, DOES THIS STORE HAVE "POCAHONTAS" ON VIDEO YET?
NEVER MIND JUST PUT THESE RETURNS BACK ON THE SHELVES.
>AHEM< I SAID, IS "POCAHONTAS" OUT ON VIDEO YET!
HMM? NO, NOT YET TWO WEEKS.
HEY, LADY! DO YOU HAVE "POCAHONTAS" YET?
NO, NOT YET SOON
NO POCAHONTAS? GODDAMMIT TO HELL!!
>SIGH< ISN'T ANYONE INTERESTED IN ANY OF OUR 10,000 OTHER MOVIES?
PARDON ME, MA'AM. .
WHAT IS IT?
DON'T SAY IT, MISTER!
..(ER, UH, WHERE IS YOUR "ADULT" SECTION?)
OH! IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE, SIR, BEHIND THAT DOOR...
THANK YOU...
DON'T MENTION IT!
—OH, AND BY THE WAY, HAS "POCAHONTAS" COME OUT ON VIDEO YET?
LATER
YES, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR LUNCH BREAK NOW, LISA.
IQUE SHOE
PHO
FLIP! FLIP!

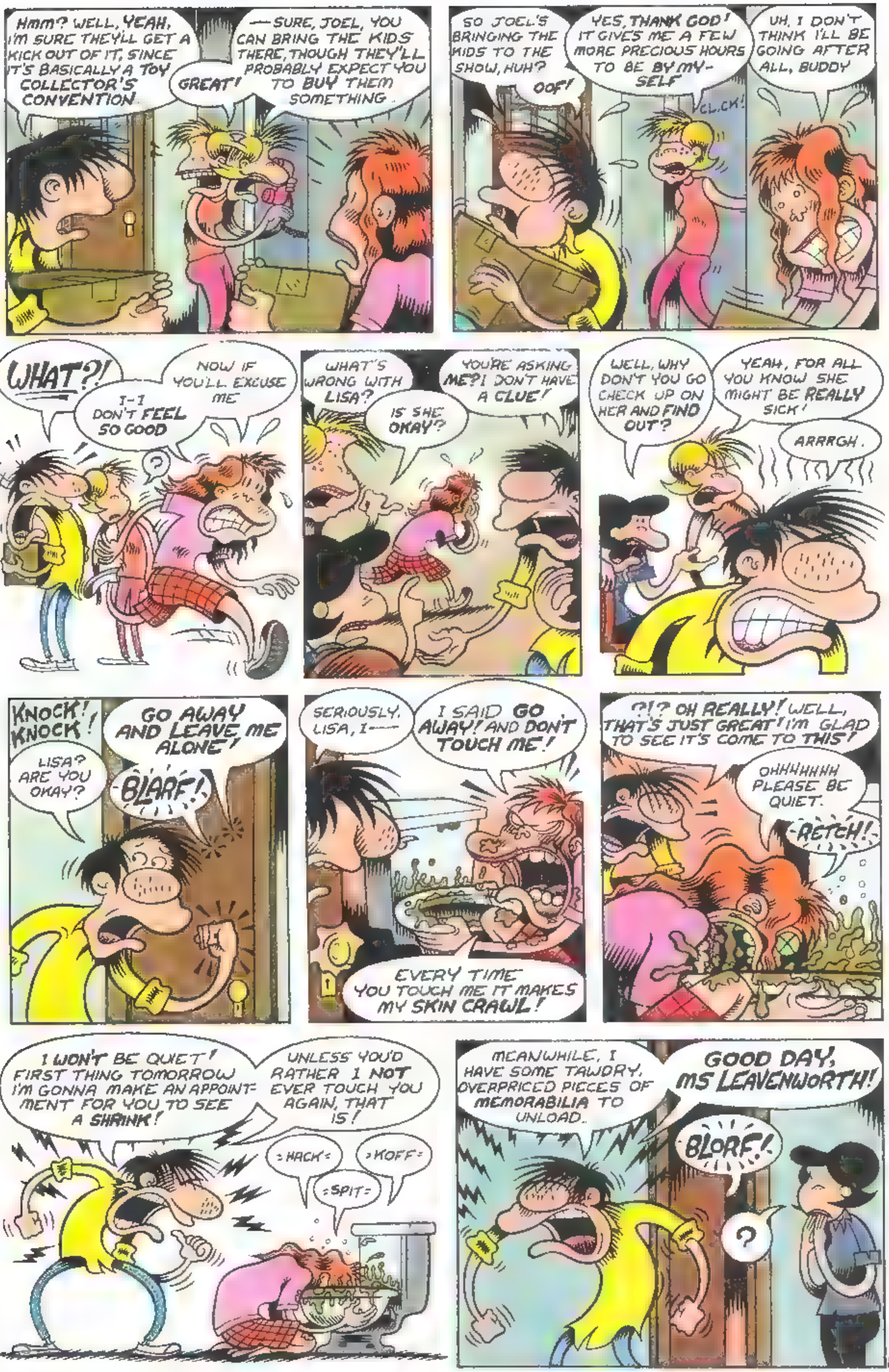

HELLO?
HELLO, JOEL? THIS IS LISA
WHO?
LISA! YOU KNOW, BUDDY'S GIRLFRIEND? THE REDHEAD?
OH, YEAH! HIYA, RED! HOWZIT GOIN'?
FINE. SAY, LISTEN
I'M ON MY LUNCH BREAK RIGHT NOW, AND SINCE I WORK PRETTY CLOSE TO WHERE YOU LIVE I WAS THINKIN' OF MAYBE STOPPIN' BY FOR A VISIT...
YOU WANNA COME OVER HERE? WELL, THAT'S FINE BY ME, ONLY I DON'T HAVE MUCH IN THE WAY OF EATS...
TH-THAT'S OKAY, REALLY. I'LL JUST BRING MY OWN...
WELL, OKAY THEN! STOP ON BY!
I'LL SEE YOU IN ABOUT—
TEN MINUTES! BYE!
SLAM!
TEN MINUTES LATER..
UGH! WHAT A DUMP!
WOOF! WOOF!
BRUMBLRUMBLRUMBLBRUMM...
HELLO?
C'MON IN, RED! THE COAST IS CLEAR!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HEY, HEY, HEY! I LIKE THAT SKIRT Y'R WEARIN'.
THANKS!
GLUG, GLUG, GLUG..
WANNA SWIG?
BELCH!
WIPE!
OH NO THANKS...
TURN AROUND.
TOSS!
?!? "TURN AROUND"? YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

THAT'LL DO
PUSH!
?!?
YANK!
=GASP!=
ZZZZIP! SHLORCK!
UNGH! OMIGOD
WHAM! BAM! SLAM!
OOH! OOH! OOH!
UGH! UGH! UGH!
OOMPF! OOMPF! OOMPF!
WANKA! WANKA! WANKA!
WHOO! WHOO! WHOO!
BOINGA! BOINGA! SPROINGA!
UMPF! UMPF! SLUMPF!
MUNCH! SLOBBER! CHEW!

15 MINUTES LATER.
..UGGHHHHHH..
—OH MY GOSH! LOOK AT THE TIME!
?
I'VE GOTTA HUSTLE OR I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK AGAIN..
B-BUT, YOU JUST GOT HERE! CAN'T YA STICK AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE?
SPROING!
NUH-UH, SORRY. MY BOSS IS PISSED OFF ENOUGH AS IT IS
WHERE'S MY PURSE?
WELL, GEE, WE HARDLY EVEN TALKED OR HUNG OUT OR ANY-THING
WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?
I DUNNO I'LL CALL YA
BYE!
I SHOULD MAKE IT BACK ON TIME
PHONE
PETS
TOYS
SCREEEECH!!
RING! RING! R—
—HELLO?
IF YOU TELL ANYONE ABOUT WHAT JUST HAPPENED I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL KILL YOU!!!



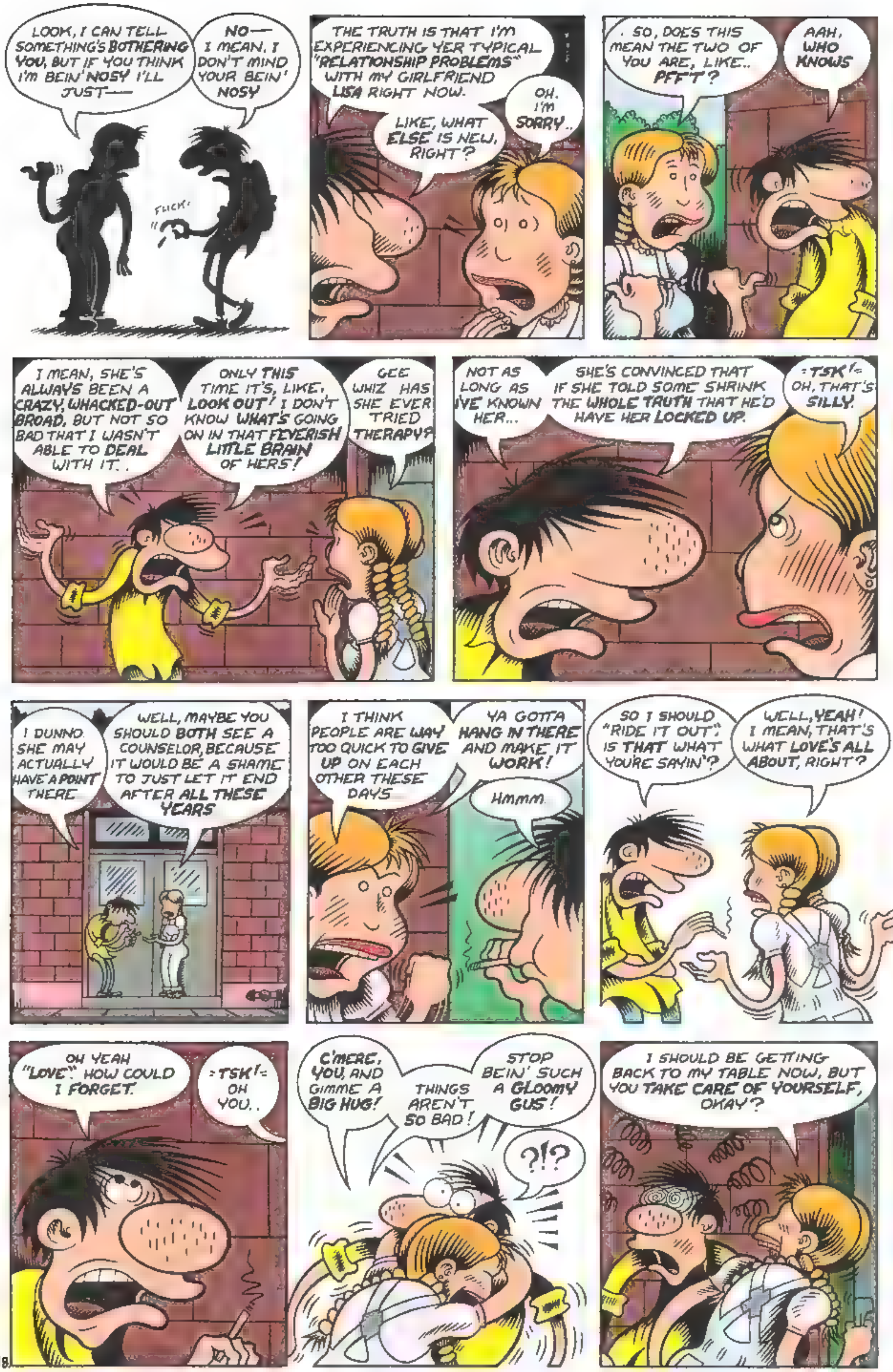
THE NEXT DAY..
C'MON, LISA. IF WE'RE GONNA GET TO THE TRADE SHOW ON TIME I COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP.
I'M NOT GOING
TV GUIDE
HUH? WHADAYA MEAN, YOU'RE NOT GOING?
I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING, THAT'S ALL...
WHAT DO YOU NEED ME FOR, ANY-WAY
CLICK!
WE DON'T NEED YOU! BUT YOU KEPT TELLING ME ALL WEEK HOW YOU WANTED TO COME ALONG, AND NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU—
OH, LEAVE HER ALONE, BUDDY! SHE WANTS TO STAY HERE, SO CAN WE PLEASE DROP THE SUBJECT?
YEAH!
=SIGH= FINE, SUIT YERSELF MUTTER FUME
HEY, LISA, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO DO SOMETHING WITH ME 'N' THE KIDS TODAY?
JOEL SHOULD BE BRINGIN' 'EM BY ANY MINUTE—
WHAT? DID YOU SAY JOEL?
—YEAH, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? HE'S ACTUALLY BEEN PRETTY GOOD WITH THE KIDS LATELY..
RING! RING!
DRAT THERE'S THE PHONE..
..(UH, BUDDY, MAYBE I WILL GO WITH YOU AFTER ALL)...
?!? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
(OH, I GET IT. YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN MY SISTER'S BRATTY KIDS SHOW UP, IS THAT IT?)
(ER, UH, YEAH, THAT'S THE REASON ALL RIGHT).
OH BABS. JOEL'S ON THE PHONE...
OH. GREAT. NOW WHAT?
WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL BY HELPING ME LOAD UP THE TRUCK
SURE, FINE. LET'S JUST HURRY UP AND GET OUT OF HERE..
OH BUDDY! IS THIS SWAP MEET THINGY YOU'RE GOING TO A GOOD PLACE TO BRING KIDS?



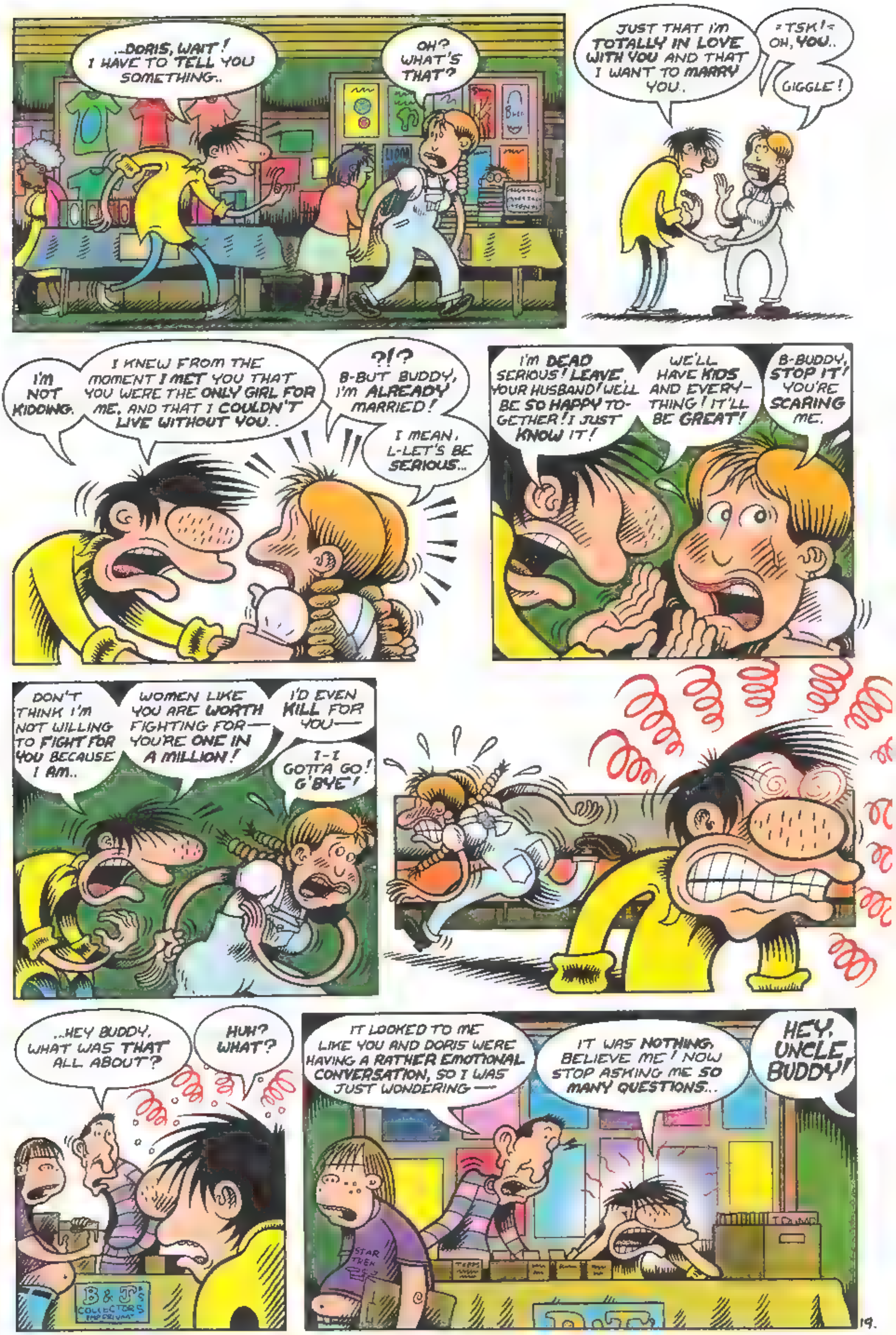
Hmm? WELL, YEAH, I'M SURE THEY'LL GET A KICK OUT OF IT, SINCE IT'S BASICALLY A TOY COLLECTOR'S CONVENTION.
GREAT!
— SURE, JOEL, YOU CAN BRING THE KIDS THERE, THOUGH THEY'LL PROBABLY EXPECT YOU TO BUY THEM SOMETHING.
SO JOEL'S BRINGING THE KIDS TO THE SHOW, HUH?
OOF!
YES, THANK GOD! IT GIVES ME A FEW MORE PRECIOUS HOURS TO BE BY MY-SELF
CLICK!
UH, I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOING AFTER ALL, BUDDY
WHAT?!
I-I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME
?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH LISA?
IS SHE OKAY?
YOU'RE ASKING ME?! I DON'T HAVE A CLUE!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GO CHECK UP ON HER AND FIND OUT?
YEAH, FOR ALL YOU KNOW SHE MIGHT BE REALLY SICK!
ARRRGH.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
LISA? ARE YOU OKAY?
GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
BLARF!
SERIOUSLY, LISA, I—
I SAID GO AWAY! AND DON'T TOUCH ME!
EVERY TIME YOU TOUCH ME IT MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL!
?!? OH REALLY! WELL, THAT'S JUST GREAT! I'M GLAD TO SEE IT'S COME TO THIS!
OHHHHHHH PLEASE BE QUIET.
RETCH!
I WON'T BE QUIET! FIRST THING TOMORROW I'M GONNA MAKE AN APPOINT-MENT FOR YOU TO SEE A SHRINK!
UNLESS YOU'D RATHER I NOT EVER TOUCH YOU AGAIN, THAT IS!
HACK
KOFF
SPIT
MEANWHILE, I HAVE SOME TAWDRY, OVERPRICED PIECES OF MEMORABILIA TO UNLOAD.
GOOD DAY, MS LEAVENWORTH!
BLORF!
?

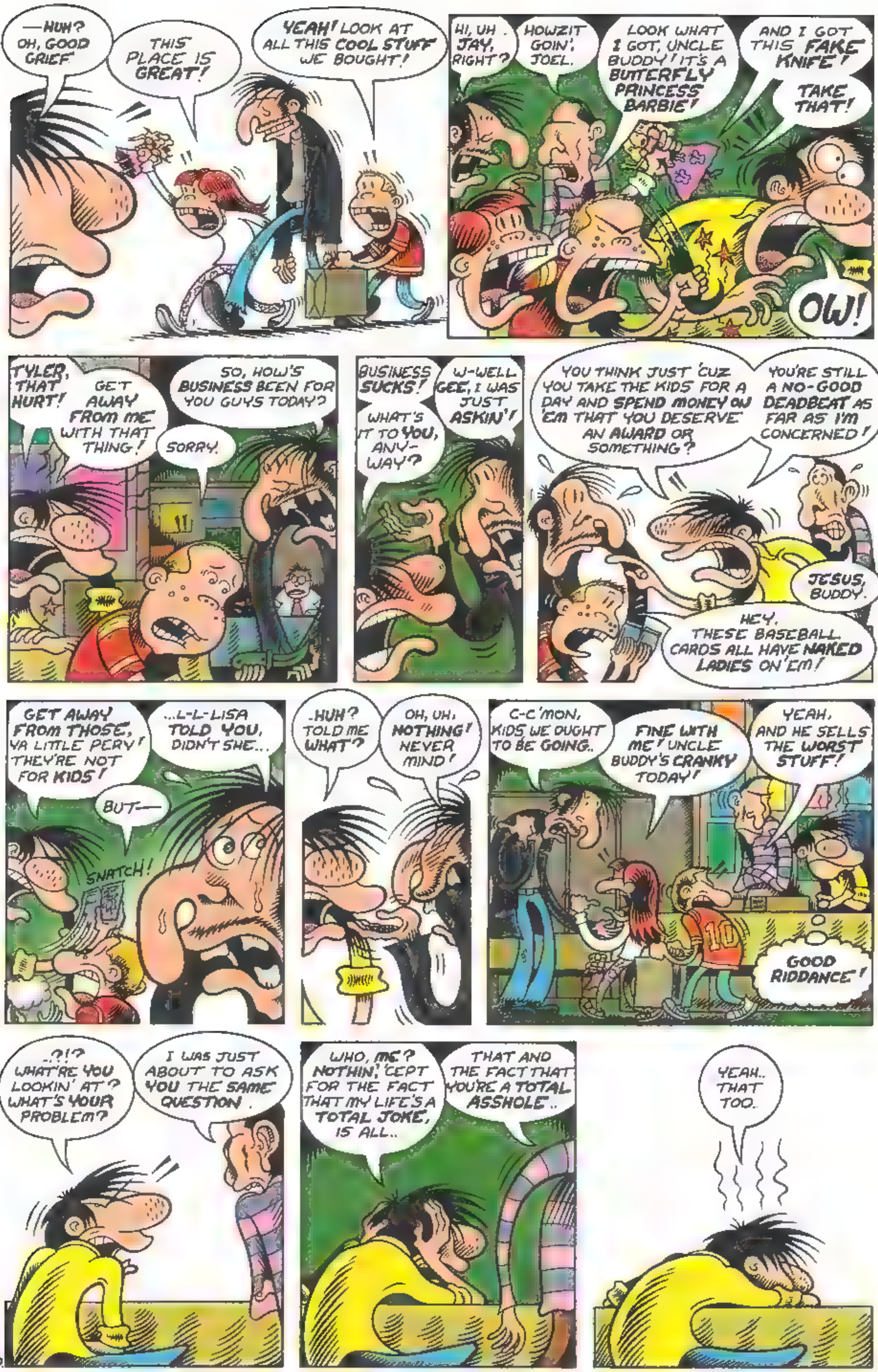
AND SO.
..WHOA, YOU LOOK PRETTY BURNED OUT THIS MORNING, BUDDY. DIDN'T YOU GET ENOUGH SLEEP LAST NIGHT?
I'M ALRIGHT. . I'D REALLY RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT, IF YOU DON'T MIND. .
MID-COUNTY COMMUNITY CENTER
MAY 18-19 TOY COLLECTORS CONVENTION
MAY 25-26 - CAMP FIRE GIRLS
JUNE 3 - SPORTS BANQUET
JUNE 10 -
JUNE 17-18 - BASEBALL MEMORABILIA EXPO
WELCOME COLLECTORS OF 1960s-'70s MEMORABILIA!
OH, I GET IT! I'LL BET YOU 'N' LISA FINALLY GOT IT ON, LAST NIGHT.
—AM I RIGHT OR WHAT?
WINK! WINK! NUDGE! NUDGE!
I SAID I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!
OH OKAY.
FORGET I SAID ANYTHING.
YEESH! THE POOR SLOB...
LATER.
HMMM. THE TURN-OUT TODAY IS A LOT LESS THAN YESTERDAY...
MIND IF I STEP OUTSIDE FOR A SMOKE?
GO AHEAD, AND TAKE YOUR TIME. I'LL BE FINE.
. MAN, THIS PLACE IS DEAD!
NOT TOO MANY CUTE CHICKS TODAY EITHER...
TONKA

≥GASP!≤
OH MY GOD! THERE SHE IS!
≥SIGH≤ THAT DORIS SHE LOOKS SO GOOD TO ME I CAN HARDLY STAND IT.
SHE'S SUCH A WELL-ROUNDED, SWEET-NATURED, EARTH-MAMA TYPE...
..I JUST WANNA CRAWL INTO A BIG OL' BED WITH HER AND STAY IN THERE FOREVER... ≥SIGH≤..
I'M DYING TO TALK TO HER BUT I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T...
JAY SAYS MY LUST FOR HER IS TOO OBVIOUS, AND I DON'T WANT TO ACT UNCOOL —ESPECIALLY IN FRONT OF HER HUSBAND!
WANT LIST
AAH, FUCK IT. I'LL JUST SLIP OUTSIDE AND TRY TO THINK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.
2 MINUTES LATER
.. BUDDY?
?!?
OH, H-HI, DORIS!
I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOU SLINKING PAST OUR TABLE!
WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP AND SAY HELLO? YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO AVOID ME, ARE YOU?
N-N-NO! OF COURSE NOT!
I WAS JUST JONESIN' FOR A SMOKE IS ALL, AND THAT'S ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT.. HEH-HEH...
OH, YOU POOR DEAR. IT MUST BE ROUGH BEING A DRUG ADDICT. TEE-HEE!
I MUST SAY, THOUGH, THAT YOU ARE LOOKING A LITTLE STRUNG-OUT TODAY.
DO I?
UM-HUM! IN FACT YOU LOOK AWFUL! ARE YOU COMING DOWN WITH SOMETHING, MAYBE?
I-I DON'T THINK SO.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST FROM KEEPING UP WITH THE HIGH VOLUME OF BUSINESS AT THIS HAPPENIN' CON THAT'S GETTING TO ME.. HEH-HEH..
YEAH. RIGHT. TELL ME ANOTHER ONE.

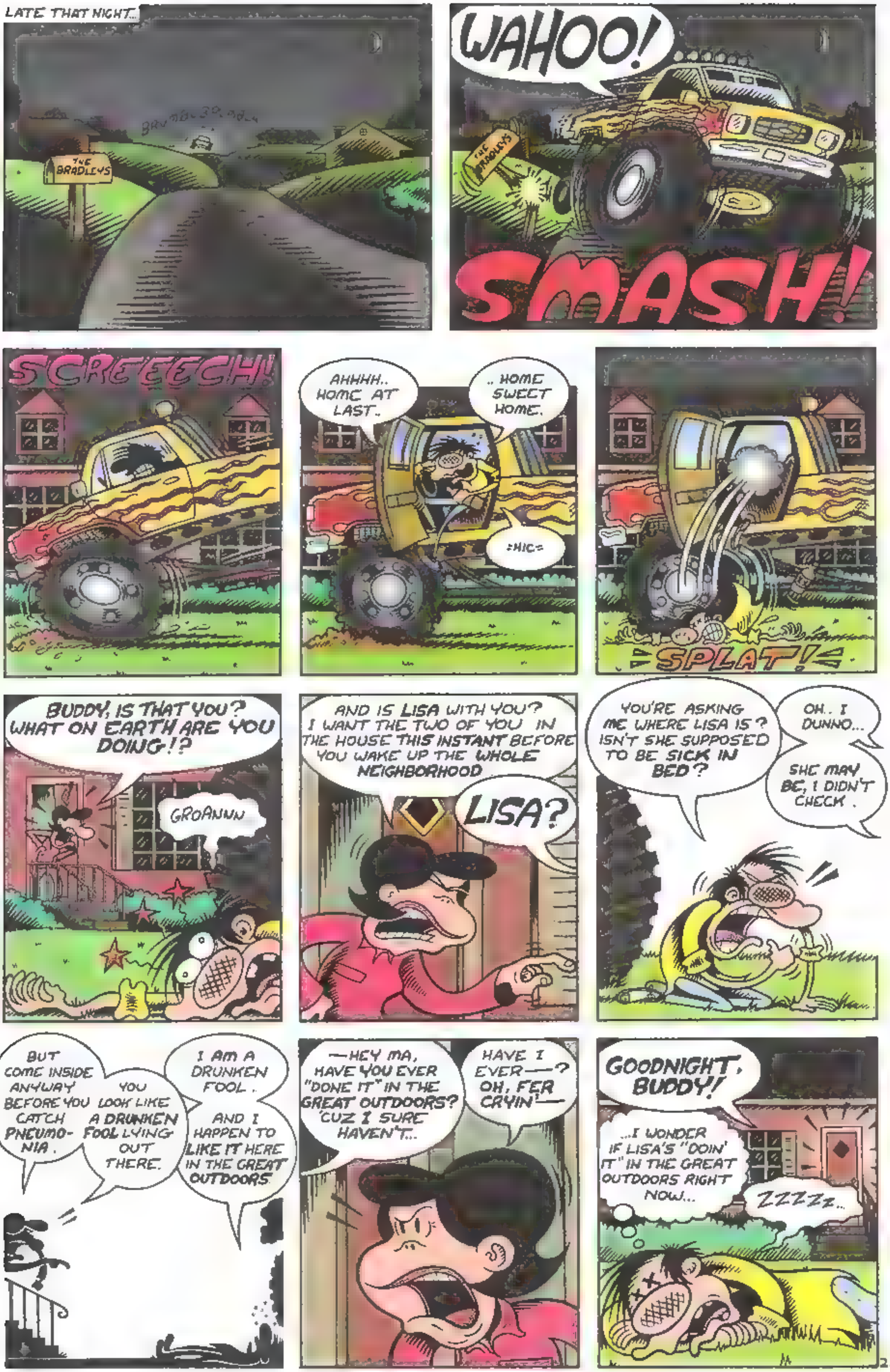


LOOK, I CAN TELL SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU, BUT IF YOU THINK I'M BEIN' NOSY I'LL JUST—
NO— I MEAN. I DON'T MIND YOUR BEIN' NOSY
FLICK
THE TRUTH IS THAT I'M EXPERIENCING YER TYPICAL "RELATIONSHIP PROBLEMS" WITH MY GIRLFRIEND LISA RIGHT NOW.
LIKE, WHAT ELSE IS NEW, RIGHT?
OH. I'M SORRY..
. SO, DOES THIS MEAN THE TWO OF YOU ARE, LIKE.. PFFT?
AAH, WHO KNOWS
I MEAN, SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A CRAZY, WHACKED-OUT BROAD, BUT NOT SO BAD THAT I WASN'T ABLE TO DEAL WITH IT. .
ONLY THIS TIME IT'S, LIKE, LOOK OUT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT FEVERISH LITTLE BRAIN OF HERS!
GEE WHIZ HAS SHE EVER TRIED THERAPY?
NOT AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN HER...
SHE'S CONVINCED THAT IF SHE TOLD SOME SHRINK THE WHOLE TRUTH THAT HE'D HAVE HER LOCKED UP.
:TSK!: OH, THAT'S SILLY.
I DUNNO. SHE MAY ACTUALLY HAVE A POINT THERE.
WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD BOTH SEE A COUNSELOR, BECAUSE IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO JUST LET IT END AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
I THINK PEOPLE ARE WAY TOO QUICK TO GIVE UP ON EACH OTHER THESE DAYS
YA GOTTA HANG IN THERE AND MAKE IT WORK!
Hmmm.
SO I SHOULD "RIDE IT OUT", IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'?
WELL, YEAH! I MEAN, THAT'S WHAT LOVE'S ALL ABOUT, RIGHT?
OH YEAH "LOVE". HOW COULD I FORGET.
:TSK!: OH YOU. .
C'MERE, YOU, AND GIMME A BIG HUG!
THINGS AREN'T SO BAD!
STOP BEIN' SUCH A GLOOMY GUS!
?!?
I SHOULD BE GETTING BACK TO MY TABLE NOW, BUT YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, OKAY?

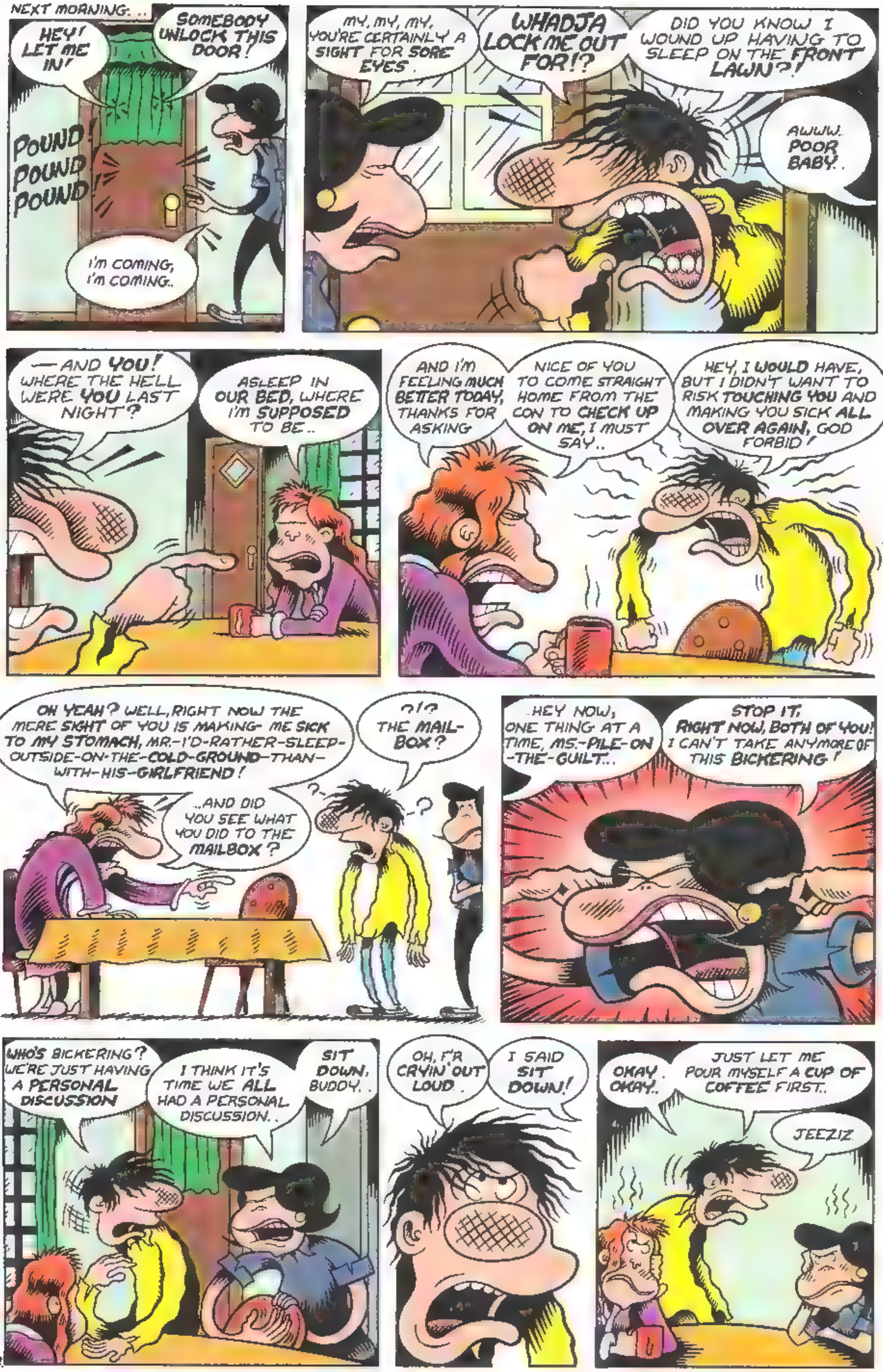

..DORIS, WAIT! I HAVE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING..
OH? WHAT'S THAT?
JUST THAT I'M TOTALLY IN LOVE WITH YOU AND THAT I WANT TO MARRY YOU..
=TSK!= OH, YOU..
GIGGLE!
I'M NOT KIDDING.
I KNEW FROM THE MOMENT I MET YOU THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL FOR ME, AND THAT I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU..
?!? B-BUT BUDDY, I'M ALREADY MARRIED!
I MEAN, L-LET'S BE SERIOUS...
I'M DEAD SERIOUS! LEAVE YOUR HUSBAND! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY TOGETHER! I JUST KNOW IT!
WE'LL HAVE KIDS AND EVERYTHING! IT'LL BE GREAT!
B-BUDDY, STOP IT! YOU'RE SCARING ME.
DON'T THINK I'M NOT WILLING TO FIGHT FOR YOU BECAUSE I AM..
WOMEN LIKE YOU ARE WORTH FIGHTING FOR— YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION!
I'D EVEN KILL FOR YOU—
I-I GOTTA GO! G'BYE!
..HEY BUDDY, WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
HUH? WHAT?
IT LOOKED TO ME LIKE YOU AND DORIS WERE HAVING A RATHER EMOTIONAL CONVERSATION, SO I WAS JUST WONDERING—
IT WAS NOTHING, BELIEVE ME! NOW STOP ASKING ME SO MANY QUESTIONS..
HEY, UNCLE BUDDY!
STAR TREK
B&J'S COLLECTORS EMPORIUM



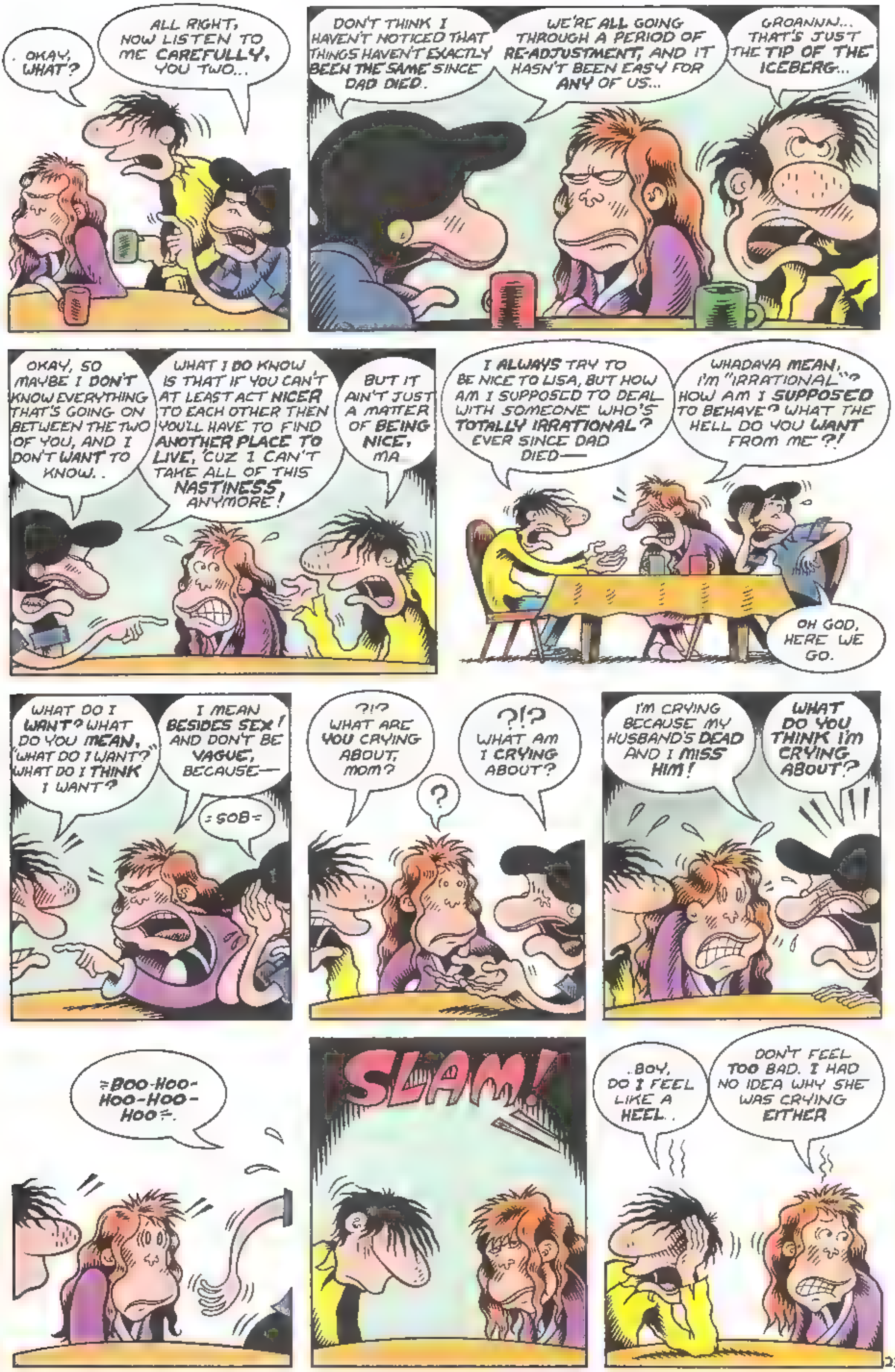
—HUH? OH, GOOD GRIEF.
THIS PLACE IS GREAT!
YEAH! LOOK AT ALL THIS COOL STUFF WE BOUGHT!
HI, UH . JAY, RIGHT?
HOWZIT GOIN', JOEL.
LOOK WHAT I GOT, UNCLE BUDDY! IT'S A BUTTERFLY PRINCESS BARBIE!
AND I GOT THIS FAKE KNIFE!
TAKE THAT!
OW!
TYLER, THAT HURT!
GET AWAY FROM ME WITH THAT THING!
SO, HOW'S BUSINESS BEEN FOR YOU GUYS TODAY?
SORRY.
BUSINESS SUCKS!
WHAT'S IT TO YOU, ANY-WAY?
W-WELL GEE, I WAS JUST ASKIN'!
YOU THINK JUST 'CUZ YOU TAKE THE KIDS FOR A DAY AND SPEND MONEY ON 'EM THAT YOU DESERVE AN AWARD OR SOMETHING?
YOU'RE STILL A NO-GOOD DEADBEAT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!
JESUS, BUDDY.
HEY. THESE BASEBALL CARDS ALL HAVE NAKED LADIES ON 'EM!
GET AWAY FROM THOSE, YA LITTLE PERV! THEY'RE NOT FOR KIDS!
BUT—
SNATCH!
...L-L-LISA TOLD YOU, DIDN'T SHE...
.HUH? TOLD ME WHAT?
OH, UH, NOTHING! NEVER MIND!
C-C'MON, KIDS WE OUGHT TO BE GOING.
FINE WITH ME! UNCLE BUDDY'S CRANKY TODAY!
YEAH, AND HE SELLS THE WORST STUFF!
GOOD RIDDANCE!
..?!? WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT? WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION.
WHO, ME? NOTHIN', 'CEPT FOR THE FACT THAT MY LIFE'S A TOTAL JOKE, IS ALL..
THAT AND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A TOTAL ASSHOLE..
YEAH.. THAT TOO..



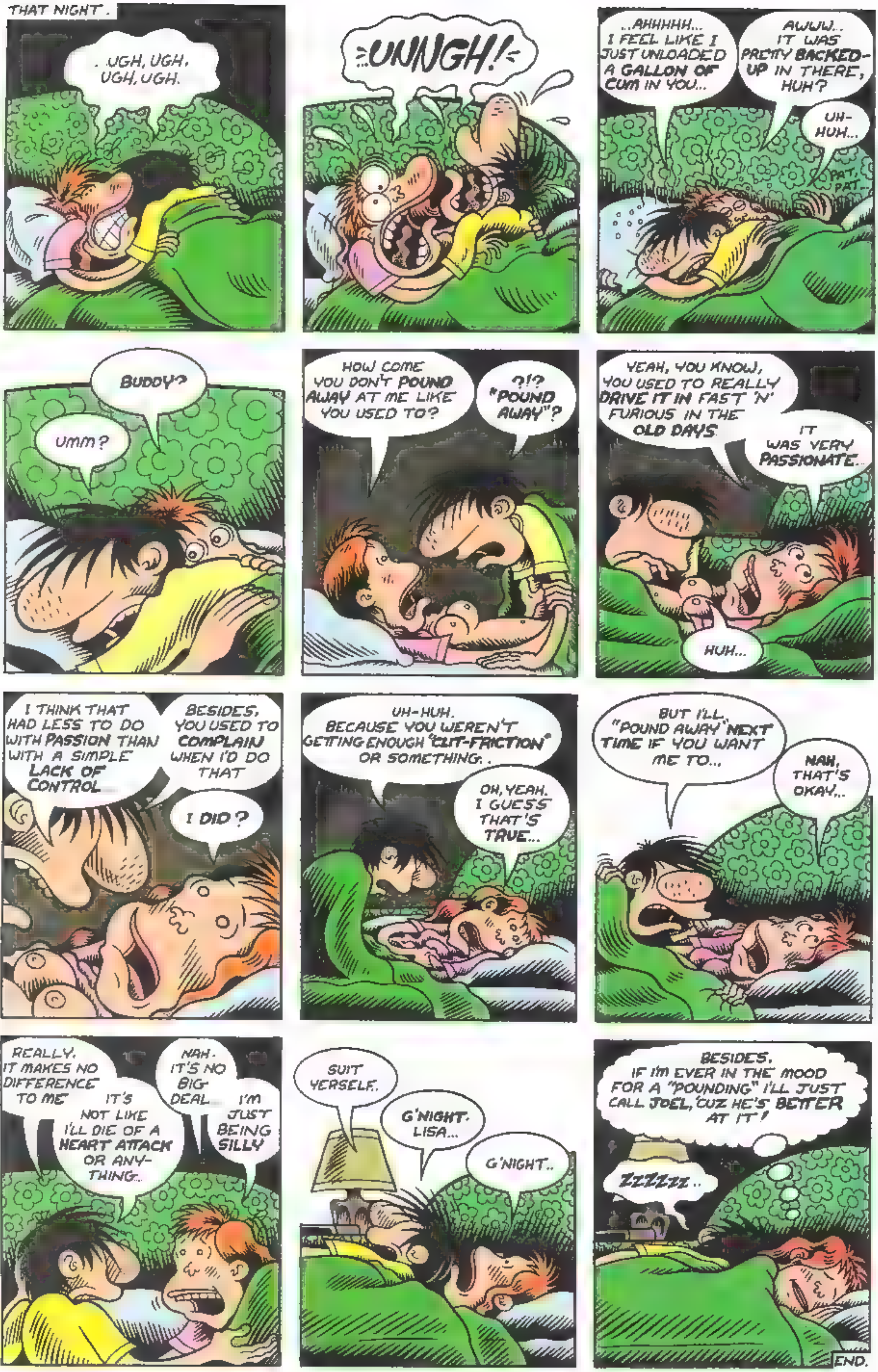
LATE THAT NIGHT...
THE BRADLEYS
WAHOO!
SMASH!
SCREEECH!
AHHHH.. HOME AT LAST..
.. HOME SWEET HOME.
HIC
SPLAT!
BUDDY, IS THAT YOU? WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING!?
GROANNN
AND IS LISA WITH YOU? I WANT THE TWO OF YOU IN THE HOUSE THIS INSTANT BEFORE YOU WAKE UP THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD
LISA?
YOU'RE ASKING ME WHERE LISA IS? ISN'T SHE SUPPOSED TO BE SICK IN BED?
OH.. I DUNNO...
SHE MAY BE, I DIDN'T CHECK.
BUT COME INSIDE ANYWAY BEFORE YOU CATCH PNEUMO-NIA.
YOU LOOK LIKE A DRUNKEN FOOL LYING OUT THERE.
I AM A DRUNKEN FOOL.
AND I HAPPEN TO LIKE IT HERE IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS.
—HEY MA, HAVE YOU EVER "DONE IT" IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS? 'CUZ I SURE HAVEN'T..
HAVE I EVER—? OH, FER CRYIN'—
GOODNIGHT, BUDDY!
...I WONDER IF LISA'S "DOIN' IT" IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS RIGHT NOW...
ZZZZz..



NEXT MORNING...
HEY! LET ME IN!
SOMEBODY UNLOCK THIS DOOR!
POUND! POUND! POUND!
I'M COMING, I'M COMING..
MY, MY, MY, YOU'RE CERTAINLY A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES.
WHADJA LOCK ME OUT FOR!?
DID YOU KNOW I WOUND UP HAVING TO SLEEP ON THE FRONT LAWN?!
AWWW.. POOR BABY..
—AND YOU! WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
ASLEEP IN OUR BED, WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE..
AND I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER TODAY, THANKS FOR ASKING
NICE OF YOU TO COME STRAIGHT HOME FROM THE CON TO CHECK UP ON ME, I MUST SAY..
HEY, I WOULD HAVE, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK TOUCHING YOU AND MAKING YOU SICK ALL OVER AGAIN, GOD FORBID!
OH YEAH? WELL, RIGHT NOW THE MERE SIGHT OF YOU IS MAKING ME SICK TO MY STOMACH, MR.-I'D-RATHER-SLEEP-OUTSIDE-ON-THE-COLD-GROUND-THAN-WITH-HIS-GIRLFRIEND!
..AND DID YOU SEE WHAT YOU DID TO THE MAILBOX?
?!? THE MAIL-BOX?
..HEY NOW, ONE THING AT A TIME, MS.-PILE-ON-THE-GUILT...
STOP IT, RIGHT NOW, BOTH OF YOU! I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE OF THIS BICKERING!
WHO'S BICKERING? WE'RE JUST HAVING A PERSONAL DISCUSSION
I THINK IT'S TIME WE ALL HAD A PERSONAL DISCUSSION..
SIT DOWN, BUDDY..
OH, F'R CRYIN' OUT LOUD..
I SAID SIT DOWN!
OKAY OKAY..
JUST LET ME POUR MYSELF A CUP OF COFFEE FIRST..
JEEZIZ



OKAY, WHAT?
ALL RIGHT, NOW LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY, YOU TWO...
DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED THAT THINGS HAVEN'T EXACTLY BEEN THE SAME SINCE DAD DIED.
WE'RE ALL GOING THROUGH A PERIOD OF RE-ADJUSTMENT, AND IT HASN'T BEEN EASY FOR ANY OF US...
GROANNN... THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG...
OKAY, SO MAYBE I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU, AND I DON'T WANT TO KNOW..
WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT IF YOU CAN'T AT LEAST ACT NICER TO EACH OTHER THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO LIVE, 'CUZ I CAN'T TAKE ALL OF THIS NASTINESS, ANYMORE!
BUT IT AIN'T JUST A MATTER OF BEING NICE, MA
I ALWAYS TRY TO BE NICE TO LISA, BUT HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DEAL WITH SOMEONE WHO'S TOTALLY IRRATIONAL? EVER SINCE DAD DIED—
WHADAYA MEAN, I'M "IRRATIONAL"? HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO BEHAVE? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!
OH GOD, HERE WE GO.
WHAT DO I WANT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHAT DO I WANT?" WHAT DO I THINK I WANT?
I MEAN BESIDES SEX! AND DON'T BE VAGUE, BECAUSE—
=SOB=
?!? WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT, MOM?
?
?!? WHAT AM I CRYING ABOUT?
I'M CRYING BECAUSE MY HUSBAND'S DEAD AND I MISS HIM!
WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M CRYING ABOUT?
=BOO-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO=.
SLAM!
..BOY, DO I FEEL LIKE A HEEL..
DON'T FEEL TOO BAD. I HAD NO IDEA WHY SHE WAS CRYING EITHER


THAT NIGHT.
...UGH, UGH, UGH, UGH.
UNNGH!
...AHHHHH... I FEEL LIKE I JUST UNLOADED A GALLON OF CUM IN YOU...
AWWW... IT WAS PRETTY BACKED-UP IN THERE, HUH?
UH-HUH...
PAT, PAT...
BUDDY?
UMM?
HOW COME YOU DON'T POUND AWAY AT ME LIKE YOU USED TO?
?!? "POUND AWAY"?
YEAH, YOU KNOW, YOU USED TO REALLY DRIVE IT IN FAST 'N' FURIOUS IN THE OLD DAYS.
IT WAS VERY PASSIONATE...
HUH...
I THINK THAT HAD LESS TO DO WITH PASSION THAN WITH A SIMPLE LACK OF CONTROL...
BESIDES, YOU USED TO COMPLAIN WHEN I'D DO THAT.
I DID?
UH-HUH. BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T GETTING ENOUGH "CLIT-FRICTION" OR SOMETHING...
OH, YEAH. I GUESS THAT'S TRUE...
BUT I'LL "POUND AWAY" NEXT TIME IF YOU WANT ME TO...
NAH, THAT'S OKAY...
REALLY, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME.
IT'S NOT LIKE I'LL DIE OF A HEART ATTACK OR ANY-THING...
NAH. IT'S NO BIG DEAL...
I'M JUST BEING SILLY.
SUIT YERSELF.
G'NIGHT, LISA...
G'NIGHT...
BESIDES, IF I'M EVER IN THE MOOD FOR A "POUNDING" I'LL JUST CALL JOEL, 'CUZ HE'S BETTER AT IT!
ZZZZZZ...
END.

Hey look, an ad for records!
Haven't sold out yet, but we want to...
The Vibro Champs
more fun than repeated blows to the head with a hammer!
Cold is the Absence
Savage Aural Hotbed Tribal Rhythmic
quite simply the worlds greatest percussion ensemble.
Spanish Fly RECORDS
Spanish Fly.
Out Now
Milk's third and finest release
"So Many Dynamos"
LikeHell's debut release
"Love American Style."
Also check out Smut's "Secret
Sleep Capsule's "Pink
Write for a free catalog at the
attn: Spanish Fly
ULTRA MODERN
weird music for a weird time
7's from Overblue, february, Vinnie and the Stardusters and others
available exclusively from ADA
TRG
TITANIC LOVE AFFAIR
"TLA manages to combine
-Rolling Stone
TITANIC LOVE AFFAIR
Prospective Records
BLISSED OUT
COLFAX ABBEY
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FROM
SPARE SNARE
Minnesota can boast
-Twin Cities Reader
"Top honors!" -Mpls City Pages
DYLAN HICKS
No Alternative Records
send a stamp for free catalog.
NO ALTERNATIVE
7's FROM OBSCURA, SPARE SNARE, VANDALIAS, GRAND THEFT CANOE AND A BAZILLION OTHERS
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
TRG Records
Mpls MN 55404

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

Ya know, it can be difficult at times to evaluate — let alone compare 'n' contrast — many of the various self-published comics and magazines I come across these days, since the for-

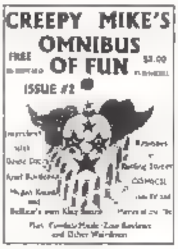
mat/style/content/production values can vary so much not only from publication-to-publication but even from page-to-page! And this is just one of the reasons things can get a bit headache-y for me when I'm sitting here trying to decide what — and what *not* — to mention out of this huge pile of pulp that sits before me.

A good case in point would be **Tales of Blarg #7**, as compared to, oh, say, **Bust #6.** Now, **Blarg** is one of those personal, my-world-and-welcome-to-it-type 'zines in which the editor — in this case the person being a young Bay Area cartoonist named Jenelle Hessig — will launch right into the latest events of their lives, naming people, places and things that you most likely have never heard of, all laid-out in a sloppy glue-and-paste fashion, and in no particular order, and in a way that makes no particular sense. This of course can be the

recipe for disaster, and it very frequently is, assuming the person in charge is some humorless, self-righteous twit who spends a lot of time railing against "censorship" or "corporate rock." But in this instance it works, thanks to Janelle's giddy, somewhat reckless sense of humor and view of life, as well as her own amusing cartoon drawings sprinkled throughout — always a plus with me, of course.

In contrast, **Bust** — whose contributors and editorial staff is made up entirely of women — is relatively "slick" and newsstand-y looking, and features interviews with alternative pop stars you're probably already sick of. Plus someone *other* than the publishers sent me this copy, which always gets my goat, since I'm a spoiled brat who *DEMANDS HIS COMPS,* goddammit! So I must confess that I was all set to hate it. But lo and behold, the writing in this thing is *really good,* and even though **Bust** is far more carefully designed and edited than **Blarg** is, it's every bit as personally revealing and neurotic. (It also features a comic strip by Lynne von Schlichting — always a plus!) So while I'm sitting here whining for my freebies, I insist that the rest of you order and *pay* for both of these publications, and do some comparin' and contrastin' of your own. (**Tales of Blarg!** $2.50(?) to: Box 4047, Berkeley, CA, 94704. **Bust**: $2.50 to Box 319, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY, 10023).

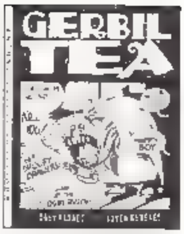
Among the other self-pubs that I'm about to browbeat all of you into ordering are a few titles that I've been enjoying for a while now, but have thus far neglected to mention on these pages. First up is **Slop Hut #4,** a Xeroxed, digest-sized thingy that's put out fairly regularly by fellow Seattleite Steven C. Each issue of **SH** covers a wide range of well-researched subjects, and



this latest ish features a recap of the sordid Claudine Longet Saga (the sappy ex-wife and Yoko-Ono of singer Andy Williams), plus the story of boy-evangelist Marjoe Gortner. Plus old love letters from his high school sweetheart! The Cad! ($1.50 to: Box 85510, Seattle WA, 98145-1510)... **Creepy Mike's Omnibus of Fun** — How's *that* for a title?! This second issue (though I'd swear Creepy Mike's been around a lot longer than that) features, among other things, interviews with several of my fa-

vorite female cartoonists, such as the omnipresent Dame Darcy, Megan Kelso, and a particularly cranky and short-tempered Ariel Bordeaux — *always a plus!* ($2.00 to: Box 983, Buffalo, NY, 14213-0983). Joe Maynard is a fellow who's been writing to me on and off for the last million years, and the **Pink Pages** are his latest creative effort to accompany his letters. As the title suggests, the content therein deals exclusively with sex, albeit in a wide variety of forms. #8 covers territory ranging from masturbatory recollections of a high school teacher to why it sucks, sexually-speaking, to be a male Jew. *Oy, the humiliation!* ($2.00 to Box 879, NYC, NY, 10021). **Surrender** is a zine very much in the **Blarg!** category described above: An ugly, slapped together, rambling, self indulgent piece of nonsense that held my interest from cover to cover. Not too surprising, since editor Brian Doherty's interests are

very similar to mine — namely, all things related to libertarianism (Brian's day job is asst. editor of **Reason Magazine,** my absolute, all-time *favorite* forum on public and economic policy!), as well as all things Beach Boys related. (He actually witnessed, à la John Waters, much of the court proceedings in the Mike Love vs. Brian Wilson lawsuit! *Sick!*) The latest issue of **Surrender**, #5, retails for $2.00, and can be ordered via: 3322 Mentone Ave. #6, LA, CA, 90034.



And now: Comics! Joven Kerekes is a talented SF-based cartoonist who has managed to slip under my radar screen until he sent me an envelope full of his mini-comic efforts, the best being the most recent, **Gerbil Tea,** done in collaboration with fellow artist Drew Flores. Both of these artists draw well, and the stories are funny in a tortured, Kafka-esque sort of way. (Sorry, but in this case the term *really does* apply!) $2.00 to: Ziph Bakeries(?), 564 Market St., rm 720, SF, CA, 94104. **Flax Letter #3** is the first issue of this English-language, apparently *Eightball*-inspired

comic book by Danish artist Jakob Boeskov, and it's a hum-dinger! Jakob's got a very off-center, sarcastic sense of humor that I can't imagine wins him too many friends in that politically polarized continent he lives on. But you can help lessen the pain of his social ostracization by ordering a copy of his fine publication today ($2.50 plus $1.00 postage to: Nr Alle 19C, 167, 2200 Copenhagen N., Denmark)... Ans Purins' **Roach Crunchies** reminds me a *lot* of the comics me and my friends (and Dan Clowes *and* his friends) used to draw 10-15 years ago, i.e., lots of stupid, exaggerated drawings of beatnik-a-go-go-monster-beach-

party madness! If this type of nonsense is up your alley — and that's got to include most of you — then send One Measly Buck to: 14 Saxon Rd., Newton, MA, 02160. Finally, I'd like to make mention of a comic called **Mitten Brain** (Where do they come up with these *titles?!?*), produced by one very tortured soul named Luella Jane Wright. I was quite struck by the claustrophobic intensity of her art and stories — an odd mixture of insecurity and indignation (and I'm pointing this out as a *good* thing, at least from the reader's point of view). Send about $3.00 US to: 6 Rudloe Rd., London, UK, SW12-0DS.

Finally, and before I forget yet again, I'd like to say hello and thanks to the following: Marge Dean, Steve Loter, Doug Prey and Steve Helvey, Dana Gould, Tom Kenny, Jill Talley, and Lisa Leingang, everyone at Sub Pop Records, esp. Kerri, Suzie, and of course Bruce and Jon, Steve Fisk, Kathy of *Fizz* and last but not least, Cynthia Rose. There, now, aren't I a thoughtful fellow?

And now, on to some letters.

Dear Peter,

...YOU KILLED OFF POPS BRADLEY, YA DIRTY RAT BASTARD! How could ya?!? I *loved* that wheezing old gas bag... (It's only a comic book, it's only a comic book).

Richard E. James
SD, CA

So, you killed off Pops Bradley, huh? That kinda caught me off guard. That's cool with me — just don't pull some Marvel/DC bullshit and bring him back ("Oh, that was just a Pops Bradley *clone*...") *(Say, now, there's an idea! —PB)*... As for that letter from E. Best, if anyone ever called *me* "Mr. Disney" I'd *whup their ass.*

John Thompson
Copperas Cove, TX

...I had just watched the *Crumb* documentary on video and was feeling kind of down when I decided to read *Hate* #22. Maybe that's why I was knocked for such a loop when from out of nowhere (shit!) Pops Bradley dies. ...Hit by a car...I wasn't expecting this!

I've got to hand it to you, though. You really know how to hit any given situation right on the head. The kids at the funeral. That was perfect! That's the way they are. That's the way *I* was: "This is boring, what's to eat?"... Of course, I'll take all of this back if it turns out it was only Pops' *clone* that died, or if aliens resurrect him from the dead, or if his ghost returns to do kindly favors around the house *(More good ideas! —PB)*...

Keep 'em coming!

Michael C. McClelland
Burbank, CA

...I never did like Buddy's Dad.

Steven
Seattle, WA

Speaking as two faithful readers: *Please* get Buddy and Lisa *out* of Jersey and back to Seattle. Lisa was a better screwball than she is a homemaker, and Buddy is in need of... well, even Stinky! Domesticity is draining them. Bring them home or kill them, please

Alex K. & John B.
S.D., CA

...Please have more "getting fall-down drunk" stories. You draw retching and do "X's-over-the-eyes-passed-out" gags better than anyone...

Dawn Lacerte
Highland Heights, KY

(Please refer to page 21 of this issue, Dawn. —PB)

...We here at Zanadu Comics feel that if you're gonna sell out do it to the hilt. We have a wall full of action figures, and what that wall of toys is screaming for is some *Hate* action figures! So we have come up with some ideas for your consideration:

BUDDY with beer-gripping action.

STINKY with secret stash.

LISA with skirt pulling-up action;

VALERIE with awesome charge-card powers:

BUTCH armed with semi-automatic weapon and right-wing radio:

GEORGE with desk-top publishing action. And of course,

The POLIOMOBILE.

As you can see, the possibilities are endless. So get to work, and don't forget to cut us in on the action.

Sincerely,

Al, Michael and Mercy of Zanadu
Seattle, WA

P.S: We're serious!

How about printing *Hate* on the thinnest, cheapest newsprint possible, while running ads for computer/role playing games, and jacking up the price some more? I, for one, would support such a move

Sincerely,

E. Manxman
Wanniasa, Australia

One of my favorite things about HATE is reading the letters section, because that's where the fanboys *really* shine! "I noticed that the TV set in the Bradleys' rec room is twisted at a different angle in the latest issue. The old angle was better! *You've sold out, man!*" Fanboys: get a life. And black-and-white purists: let it go, let it go...

Laura Mitchell
Somerville, MA

I noticed a lot of people writing in saying that higher production values and wider distribution makes you a "sell-out," and that you're no longer "underground." What the fuck does that mean? I've always considered you, Clowes, etc., as being more in the tradition of things like *MAD*, *Peanuts*, and *The Simpsons*, except that you're not doing nearly as well...

Sam Henderson
Brooklyn, NY

P.S. Do you think the Peter Bagge of 1980 would call the Peter Bagge of 1996 a "sell-out"?

(The Peter Bagge of 1980 was way too busy trying to sell-out to worry about such nonsense. —PB)

Dear Mr. Bagge,

This is me in the photo (right) and my friend Fredrik Jonsson (left) at "Peter Bagges Gata," a street in Göteborg, Sweden.

Fredrik did not like the latest *Hate* at all. I'm sorry to say. I liked the one before, where the Bradleys were hollering at each other like in the good(?) old days. But a little less domesticity wouldn't hurt, and please get rid of "Doofus"

David Lemark
Lund, Sweden

(Does this mean there'll never be a street named after Rick Altergott in Göteborg, Sweden? —PB)

...So yeah, it's *that* fuckin' hard to get *Hate* in my part of Jersey. The nearest place to buy comics is like a Waldenbooks at the mall a half-hour from here, and they only have Marvel crap anyway. What's worse is that I still can't drive (at least 'til Friday, when I turn 17)... Fuck it...

Okay, so answer me this. Is *anything* going on outside Buttfuck, NJ? *(Nope. —PB)* Does anybody but me in this country like the Flaming Lips? *(Nope. —PB, So what bands are cool?)* *(The Action Suits! —PB)* Is it a good idea to have like one friend and no girlfriend in high shool but not compromise for nothin', even if it means getting beat up a bunch? *(Uh... does anyone out there want to try answering this one? —PB)* And have you ever heard of a fanzine called "Hereboy"? 'Cuz if not that's what me and my friend are gonna call the one we're gonna make.

Oh yeah, and thanks for the lapel pins.

Dave Park
Clinton, NJ

Mr. Bagge,

As the drooling fanboy who suggested the now-classic photo cover of *Hate* #11 so many moons ago, I feel a proprietary interest in the exploits of that slackmaster Buddy Bradley, to whom you've dedicated the bulk of your illustrious career.

So what the hell is going on here?

First ya go and ruin everything by adding color to the hoary mix — ah, Gary Groth, that pillar of Ted Turner-like wisdom *(I wish! —PB)* — and conscript some Kubert school drop-out to belch out inks *(Jeezus! —PB)*, and then the last few issues became downright fucking maudlin. What happened to your "older, funnier" comics? Have they become mere "stardust memories"? Used to be one could anticipate — nay, *expect* at least two good laughs per page in any given issue of *Hate*, but now your yuck-starved audience is lucky to wrench that same pair from an *entire issue! Foul! Foul. I cry!*

Ye gods, man, how about some *comedy* with our *situation*?

The Stinky back-up in #22 was the closest to the "classic Bagge" period you've given us in over 18 months! How interesting that the same wonderfully refreshing romp also was printed in glorious black & white. The overall quality and sarcasm of the piece discounts theories bandied about that your recently adopted "fatherhood mode" is sucking your comedic prowess dry. (That is, unless you'd completed that story prior to the birth of your offspring — and don't worry, Jonathan Venken is peeking through your garbage while you read this so as to determine the same.) *(Who? What?! —PB)*

And thanks so much for offing Buddy's father. Gee, what a regular laugh riot. Not. I actually copped a cold chill from that panel where Lisa informs Buddy of the tragedy. Last time a comic affected me so was back in the middle '80s when John Byrne still-birthed the baby that Sue Richards conceived in the negative zone. (NOTE: My deeply felt shock at the issue of *Fantastic Four* in question had nothing to do with its alleged "dramatic content," but with the nerve of an over-rated hack like Byrne to charge Marvel a full-page rate on essentially a half-assed 2" x 3" panel surrounded in a veritable ocean of black space...) *(Oh, I see...?!?!? —PB)*

Come on, Pete, you're slipping and you know it. Those dumb "Blockheads" cartoons you wrote the scripts for on eMpTy Vee (read: MTV) suck! Trust me when I say a *Horny Biker Sluts* reference on "Liquid Television" does not a classic make. Your priorities are all out of whack at this point: forget the wife, forget the kid, forget whoring for cable networks and forget about that perennial little blurb for the alleged "*Hate*" feature film festering like a boil in the back of *Starlog*'s crappy *Comics Scene* amid a gaggle of off-base industry innuendoes and exaggerations claiming to be green-lighted projects. *(Comics Scene Magazine must be getting their information from Jonathan Venken. —PB)*, YOUR SOLE PURPOSE IN LIFE IS TO PROVIDE ME WITH CHEAP LAUGHTER. Somewhere along the line you seemed to have forgotten that...

Your biggest fan,

Craig Paeth
N. Olmstead, OH

Dear Mr. Bagge

I still like you.

T. Menzer
Spokane, WA

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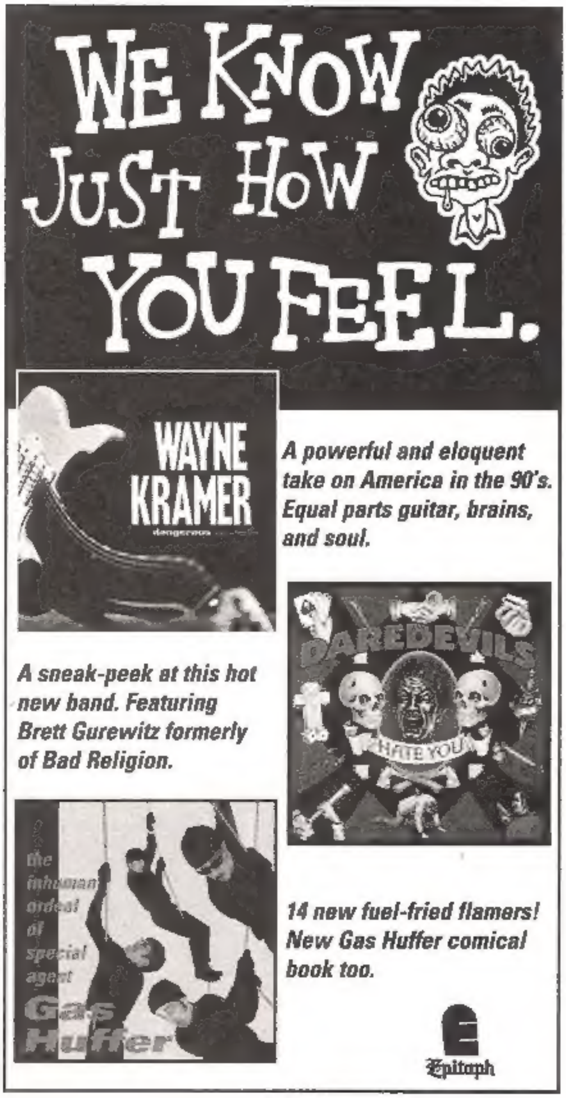
DOOFUS
THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, DOOFUS!?
YOU SAID IT, HENRY HOTCHKISS!
TRAVEL, EXCITEMENT, AND EVER THE OPPORTUNITY FOR UPWARD SOCIAL MOBILITY...
.. ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR A COUPLE OF...
CARNIVAL ROUSTABOUTS!
YEAH!
PARKING LOT CARNIVAL SATURDAY
"MY JOB IS TO MAKE CHANGE FOR CUSTOMERS, AND ALSO SPRAY THE VOMIT OFF THE CARNIVAL RIDES!"
TILT-A-WHIRL
LIVE REVUE XXX FLOOR SHOW
BARF!
"MY DUTIES ARE LIKEWISE TWO-TIERED. THEY ALTERNATE BETWEEN THAT OF BARKER, AND AUDIENCE SHILL!"
THEN, AFTER ANOTHER GRATIFYING DAY OF HONEST, RAW-BONED WORK, WE BOTH PITCH IN WITH THE JOB OF BREAKING DOWN THE CARNIVAL, AND OFF WE GO TO THE NEXT TOWN!
YOU TWO FUCKS! THE RINGLEADER WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS TRAILER, NOW!
PARDON, BUT DON'T YOU MEAN, "RING-MASTER!?"
NO, FUCK! YOU HEARD ME RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! SO GET YOUR ASS IN THERE!
SNORT.. YESS.. SEEMS WE LOST A FEW MEN IN THE LAST TOWN.. DOWN FOR BREAKING PAROLE AND DRUG DEALING. SINCE WE'RE SHORTHANDED, YOU BOYS'LL BE WORKING "SET-UP" AS WELL AS "TEAR-DOWN".
BUT DON'T WORRY..

..IT'S THE SAME SHIT ALL AROUND, AND 'TIL YOU GET THE HANG OF IT, YOU'LL TRAIN UNDER MY RIGHT-HAND MAN, "HONKY"! HE'LL SHOW YOU THE ROPES!
GRUNT!
AND THAT'S IT! NOW GET OUT THERE AND DO ME, YOURSELVES AND THE CARNIVAL, PROUD!
SO..
HURRY IT UP YOU GOOFS! WE ONLY GOT AN HOUR BEFORE WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS!
AHHH, FUCK YEW, SLAVE-DRIVER!
I HEARD YER SHIT! PASS ME THAT JOINT, HITCH!
SURE, HONKY! GET YERSELF A HIT, MAN! I'LL TRADE YA FOR SOME O' YER HOOCH!
SSSUCCKK!
GLUG! GLUG!
THAT'S SOME FINE HERB, DUDE! HEY, OLD DUDE, CATCH A BUZZ!
THIS HOOCH IS SMOOTH, TOO! HAVE A SNORT, DOOFUS!
PAH! KAF KAF
MAN! I SPACED OUT AND BROUGHT THE WRONG SET OF WRENCHES! AWW FUCK IT!! THESE BOLTS IS PLENTY TIGHT ENOUGH ALREADY!
BUD
BAM
BAM
SUUUCKKK! I'VE BEEN WORKIN' THESE PICK-UP GIGS EVER SINCE THAT PRICK FOREMAN CANNED ME FROM THE ASSEMBLY LINE! GOT FUCKIN' BLACKBALLED BY EVERY UNION IN DETROIT!
NOW I'M FORCED T' SETTLE FER WORKIN' WITH YOU BUNCH A' DILDOES! HAW HAW!
AWW, BLOW IT OUTTA YER ASS, BIG SHOT! QUIT HOGGIN' THAT BLUNT!
GOSH, DOOFUS...
WHAT IS IT, HENRY HOTCHKISS?! DIDN'T YOU HEAR "HONKY" SAY WE HAVE LESS THAN AN HOUR TO SET UP THESE ATTRACTIONS!?
I KNOW THAT, DOOFUS, BUT IT'S JUST, WELL..
...ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE COULD BE HURT, OR MAYBE KILLED ON A RIDE, DUE TO THE SLOPPY, SLIPSHOD NATURE OF THE WORK WE'RE DOING?
YES, IT IS POSSIBLE! EVEN LIKELY, HENRY HOTCHKISS! BUT THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT ALL, BECAUSE-
-IF EVER SOMETHING THAT UNFORTUNATE WERE TO OCCUR, WE'RE ALREADY PACKED UP AND GONE -- DOWN THE ROAD IN A PARKING LOT A HUNDRED MILES AWAY, SETTING UP FOR THE NEXT CARNIVAL!! JUST LIKE THEY SAY: THE SHOW MUST GO ON!!
end.



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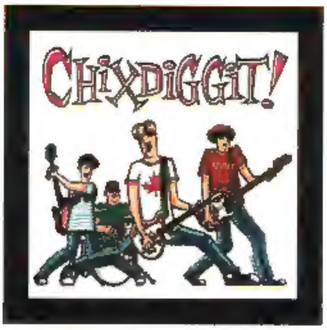

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